

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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JANUARY, 1939

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# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

We are responsible for the words we ought to have said and did not; for the things we ought to have done and did not do; for the things we ought to have uprooted and left grow; for the things we ought to have planted and did not plant.

Cardinal Pole at the opening of the Council of Trent (A. D. 1545).

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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## The Conversion of the Jews

It can be done

By JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

Condensed from *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*\*

There are several Protestant societies established for activities connected with the conversion of the Jews, but in all the U. S. there is only one center of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel; it is at an academy in Kansas City, Mo., conducted by the Religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame de Sion, who came from Paris 26 years ago and now number 45 Sisters. Yet in all of our large American cities there are thousands of Jews, many of whom have been robbed of their belief in Judaism by their secular education and now are groping for the truth with no one to guide them.

The vast changes in civil society, consequent on the revolutions and wars at the beginning of the 19th century, created the possibility of an apostolate that might meet with success. The Jews had emerged from the ghettos, in which they had lived apart from

their fellow men. They were admitted to the social life of the nations in which they dwelt. They came under the influence of Christian environment, sometimes unwittingly, sometimes of their own will, and the result was noteworthy conversions of some prominent men, a few of whom became priests.

In the city of Rome, on Jan. 20, 1842, at the Church of St. Andrea della Fratte, through the intervention of our blessed Lady, Alphonse Ratisbonne was instantly converted to the Catholic Faith. Such a sensation was caused by his Baptism that Pope Pius IX ordered an official investigation of the circumstances attending it and, after four months of examination, the authenticity of the apparition was proclaimed. Fifty years later the account of it was embodied in the Office for the Feast of the Manifestation of the Miraculous Medal of the Immaculate Conception. At Bap-

\*515 E. Fordham Rd., New York City. Dec., 1938.

tism, Alphonse received the name of Mary.

This incident brought before the Catholic world in a striking manner the situation of the Jews in regard to the Catholic religion. Within a few years Alphonse with his brother, Theodore, who had been converted some years before, were instrumental in the establishment of two Societies, one made up of religious women, the other of priests, both devoted to the conversion of Israel.

At the beginning of the 19th century, there were in the world 2,000,000 Jews. Today their number is estimated at 16,500,000. Can they be converted? Who can doubt this when he learns that within the past 150 years about 100,000 have entered the Catholic Church? An even larger number have joined various Protestant denominations. While it seems to be true that many of the latter have changed their religious profession out of social or political motives, any Catholic who has made the acquaintance of converts from Judaism to Catholicism will gladly testify that they become zealous Catholics, eager to spread to all men, especially to their own brethren, the good tidings of their union with Christ.

No one, however, will deny that the work of bringing Jewish men and women to accept the teachings of the Catholic Church is beset with great and peculiar difficulties. Every conversion is indeed essentially supernatural; it is

the effect of grace. In the case of the Jews the likelihood of such a step is greatly hindered by the fact that Catholics find it no easy task to come into personal contact with them, and those who do are forced to recognize that seemingly unsurmountable obstacles stand in the way.

When our missionaries go to foreign countries, to Asia or to Africa, in order to present the claims of the Catholic religion to be accepted as the one true religion, they address themselves usually to pagan peoples who realize the inferiority of their condition both from the standpoint of civilization and of religion. Jews, however, who live in the midst of nations that are regarded as civilized and Christian, regard the Jewish religion as superior to all others and their rabbis strive to cultivate among their people this sense of superiority. They point to the antiquity of their religion, the special covenant made by God with them, their spiritual fecundity, having given to the world both Christianity and Mohammedanism, the perfection of their moral law, the vitality of Israel under conditions that would have blotted out any other people, their halo of martyrdom in almost all parts of the world, and, during more recent years, their resurgence through the zeal of the Zionists in Palestine. Such sentiments frustrate any attempt at a general apostolate, and explain why we have to rely on reaching the individual Jew.



Moreover, the difficulty in getting a hearing from Jews is vastly increased by the horror they have of proselytizing. Every attempt to set forth why they should accept our Lord as the Messiah promised to their ancestors meets with opposition and often with misrepresentation. The mere thought of becoming a Catholic arouses bitter memories of persecution in European countries, recalls stories about the Spanish Inquisition and its treatment of those who clung to Judaism, or conformed outwardly whilst continuing secretly to practice Jewish rites. In recent years, it is true, some of their writers have begun to recognize that the Popes treated the Jews with the utmost toleration and liberality. The occupants of the Papal throne shielded the Jews and exhorted the clergy and princes against the use of force in converting them to Christianity.

Another great obstacle to the conversion of the Jews arises from the fact that such a step means usually a complete severance of all family ties on the part of people who love greatly their parents and relatives. Jews who still practice their religion look with as much revulsion on those who apostatize from Judaism as good Catholics deplore

a case of apostasy from the Church in their own family. It seems to them like treason; they cannot understand how such persons can be in good faith.

Experience has shown, both here and abroad, that where Catholics have become known to Jews as people imbued with the spirit of kindness and as lovers of holiness, conversions follow. Those who come into the Church have usually abandoned Jewish observances in which they perceived no spiritual significance. Many had never been brought up to practice them. Often the priest hears the statement, "My parents are Jewish, but I have never been taught any religion." Others are waiting for the invitation of a Catholic friend to meet some priest who will receive them with kindness, and instruct them in the truths of our religion.

No statistics can be furnished as to the number of Jews that have entered the Church in the U. S. The opposition of relatives naturally makes many converts reluctant to have their names published. We know that the work is progressing. Some of the young men who have come into the Church are preparing for the priesthood. In a club to foster "belated vocations" four of the members are converted Jews.



Dr. Hertz, who has just celebrated the 25th anniversary of his appointment as Chief Rabbi in Britain, was a friend of the late Cardinal Bourne. On one occasion they were seated side by side at lunch at the Mansion House.

"When can I tempt you to try some of this excellent roast pork?" asked the Cardinal, with a twinkle in his eye.

"On the day I attend your wedding-feast," instantly retorted the Rabbi.

*Today* quoted by *The Cross* (Nov. '38)

# The Catholic Hierarchy

By IRVING A. J. LAWRES

Rank, vesture, title

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**Some persons** appear to believe that a Cardinal is somehow "higher" than a Bishop, just as a Bishop is superior in rank to a priest. In one limited sense they may be correct, but the Cardinalate is something entirely different from the high office of Bishop. It may surprise some persons to learn that all Cardinals are not Bishops.

The Cardinalate is an honor, just as the title "Monsignor" is an honor. Neither adds anything to the priestly powers of the recipient. When no vacancies exist, the Sacred College of Cardinals consists of 70 members. The Cardinals are the counsellors of the Pope. They advise him upon matters spiritual and temporal, and upon his death they choose his successor. They have certain specific rights and in Christian countries are accorded the status of royal princes. The Sacred College when full consists of six Cardinal Bishops, 50 Cardinal Priests and 14 Cardinal Deacons.

The six Cardinal Bishops are Bishops of the suburban Sees of Rome: Ostia and Albano, Sabina, Porto and Santa Rufina, Velletri, Frascati and Palestrina. These must be Bishops, but actually their diocesan work is carried on by assistant or auxiliary Bishops. Their time is devoted to the executive work

of the Church. The Bishop of Ostia is always Dean of the College, and according to the records available to this writer, is also Prefect of the important Ceremonial Congregation.

Cardinal Priests need not be Bishops, but nearly all of them are. Many remember Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, former Apostolic Delegate to the U. S. He is now a Cardinal Priest resident at the Vatican and is Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Many of the Cardinal Priests are Bishops and Archbishops of the larger Sees throughout Europe and the Americas. All the American Cardinals, for example, are Cardinal Priests. They devote themselves to their dioceses and go to Rome only occasionally. Unlike the Cardinals of the Court, they have no specific duties in Rome which require their permanent residence at the Vatican.

Cardinal Deacons are usually priests who have been given the red hat for outstanding accomplishment in some field such as theology or canon law. They are ordinarily required to accept a permanent assignment at the Vatican. One notable exception to this rule was Cardinal Newman, who was never a Bishop, and who was not required to accept an appointment in Rome because

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Dec., 1938.

of his advanced age of 78 years.

The work of the Church is carried on in Vatican City by the Roman Congregations, Tribunals, Curial Offices and Ecclesiastical Commissions, just as the work of the U. S. government is centralized in Washington in various departments. The Cardinal Bishops, Priests, and Deacons resident in Vatican City or Rome, usually numbering 20 to 30, supervise the work of the Church which is transacted by the various departmental organizations.

The Papal Secretariate of State is one of the most important offices of the Vatican. It is held at present by Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli who is also Cardinal Camerlengo (Chamberlain). The Camerlengo administers the affairs of the Church after death of the Pontiff until a new Pope has been elected.

Roughly, about one-third of the Cardinals are attached to the Vatican organization.

Even though a Cardinal is only a priest, he is entitled to wear the full robes of a Cardinal, which are much like those of a Bishop except that they are scarlet in color instead of a reddish purple. He wears the scarlet zucchetto or scarlet skull cap; the scarlet biretta; the scarlet cassock; the rochet or lace garment worn over the cassock which reaches to the knees and has rather tight fitting linen sleeves, although the expanse of 10 or 12 inches nearest the wrists are of lace with the scarlet showing through; and the scarlet *cappa*

*magna* or great cape, the shoulder robe with long train which is usually carried by six altar boys. He also wears the pectoral cross with heavy gold chain around the neck and the ring given him by the Pope.

The famous red hat is never worn by the Cardinal except at the public consistory at which the Pope gives it to him. It is then put away until the death of the Cardinal, after which it is raised by wires or strings to the ceiling of his Cathedral above the main altar where it is to remain permanently. The red hat is a flat crowned, wide brimmed headdress with 15 pendant tassels. A picture of the red hat appears above every Cardinal's coat of arms with the tassels draped down both sides of the heraldic device.

A word about the title Monsignor. Every large city in the U. S. has one or more important parishes, the pastor of which is called Monsignor and is entitled to wear the reddish purple robes characteristic of Bishops. The word Monsignor means "my lord" and it is a form of address to which all prelates are entitled. There is, however, no such rank as Monsignor. In Europe, Bishops and Archbishops are commonly referred to as Monsignor Vittore, or Monsignor McLaughlin. In this country, a Bishop is seldom addressed in this manner. Our custom provides for the longer and more cumbersome method of writing: "The Most Reverend John J. Jones, S.T.D., J.U.D.

The Pope, upon recommendation of a Bishop, honors a priest by giving him a certain status such as that of papal chamberlain, domestic prelate or protonotary apostolic. Some of these positions are reserved for priests working in Rome, for there are many important positions at the Vatican filled by priests who are neither Cardinals nor Bishops. All the Monsignori are members of the Pope's retinue or household.

Bishops and Archbishops wear the rochet which is a sign of authority. Outside their own diocese, they wear the silken mantelletta, like any Monsignor, and this purple garment practically covers the entire rochet. When within their own diocese, however, they wear a much shorter robe over the rochet which leaves a large part of the rochet exposed, indicating that the wearer is the Ordinary or Bishop of authority in the diocese. Most of the Monsignori attached to the parishes in the U. S. are domestic prelates. They wear the purple cassock, rochet and mantelletta. Their birettas, or four-cornered hats, however, do not carry out the color scheme completely. The Bishop wears a reddish purple biretta; the Cardinal one of scarlet; but the Monsignor's is of black, often of black velvet, trimmed with purple piping and topped with a purple pompon.

None of the grades of Monsignori carry with them any of the real powers or authority of a Bishop. The status is purely honorary. Both priests and

Bishops, however, have received Holy Orders, one of the Seven Sacraments which confers definite powers and leaves a permanent mark on the soul. The priest can preach, baptize, and administer all the other Sacraments, except Confirmation and Holy Orders which are reserved to the Bishops. The Bishops are the successors to the Apostles and they enjoy the plenitude of the priesthood. The Pope is a Bishop, just like any other, but he is Bishop of Rome, and, therefore, the successor of St. Peter. The Pope has one very important power not possessed by any one else. He can speak infallibly, without danger of error, on matters of faith and morals, but only when he formally proclaims to the entire world some definition of a doctrine, or something important in connection with morals.

An Archbishop is merely a Bishop who has been assigned to a particularly important diocese called an archdiocese. Several dioceses are grouped into a province. The head diocese of a province is known as an archdiocese and the Bishop of that diocese is an Archbishop. The Archbishop has no authority over the other Bishops in the province, but when they all meet to discuss common problems he sits at the head of the table and acts as chairman.

When a Bishop of one diocese is transferred to an archdiocese, no further consecration is necessary, but an "installation" ceremony is usually held. Furthermore, the Pope sends the new

Archbishop the Pallium, a circular band of white wool with pendants of the same material at front and back. Woven into the white wool are a number of black crosses and the tips of the pendants are also black. The Pallium, symbol of the Archbishop's office, is worn around the neck, resting on the shoulders, over the chasuble, the colored outer vestment worn by the celebrant of every Mass whether he be priest, Bishop, Cardinal or Pope.

Religious orders are groups of men and women leading religious lives in communities according to a certain rule or order. The priests of religious orders are known as religious priests, or the regular clergy, because they belong

to a religious order and live according to a certain rule (*regula*). Religious priests are directly responsible to their superiors who may transfer them from one assignment to another. Diocesan, or secular priests are directly responsible to their Bishop. The Bishop, of course, has jurisdiction over all spiritual matters in his diocese, but the religious orders are accorded special privileges and wide independence.

Religious priests such as the Dominicans and Franciscans never, at least in the U. S., accept honors such as the title of Monsignor. Occasionally they do become Bishops and Archbishops and take over the management of some diocese.



### *Blessing for Horses*

Abbot Hunter Blair gave recently a delightful reminiscence of Father Mulooley, the genial Dominican Prior of San Clemente in Rome. An Anglican clergyman was telling him how he had seen the blessing of the cab and carriage horses on St. Anthony's Day in a field outside the city. "Most interesting," said the rector, "but, I could not help thinking, just a little superstitious."

"Tell me, sir," asked the Prior, "what did you and your good wife have for dinner yesterday?"

"A turkey, with chestnuts; and very good it was."

"And did you ask God's blessing before you partook of it?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, now, sir," said the Prior, with a twinkle of his eye, "tell me, in the name of all that's inconsistent, why is it more 'superstitious' to call down God's blessing on a living horse than on a dead turkey?"

Francis Davitt in *The Advocate* (21 July '38)

# Should Husbands Do Housework?

By MARGUERITE

Egg-cracker suite

Condensed from *The Catholic Fireside*\*

**We've heard** that before, haven't we? Yes, but how the topic crops up. It is constantly cropping up. Some wives say their husbands are absolutely no use in the house at all, and others say their husbands will interfere in the housework, and they, the wives, like to do it their own way. Others want to know if it is not fair for a man to share the housework if his wife goes to work.

My considered opinion is that "circumstances alter cases!" A husband who can't do housework because he does not know how, ought at least to take lessons in the early days when learning things together is fun, instead of the bore it may become later on. What is more nerve-racking to a woman than to lie in bed, perforce, and hear her husband using language downstairs whilst he wrestles with refractory implements, and eggs which won't break without making a mess all over the floor, and cats which will get between his legs at the critical moment, and milk which surely is possessed by a devil which makes it boil over directly his back is turned.

It's not restful in bed like that! And if he is poor and cannot afford maids and nurses, what is a man to do? Such things, fortunately, do not occur every day, but he should be prepared for

emergencies. It is more comfortable for himself and for his wife and children.

So that is agreed upon. Husbands should know how, even if they don't have to use their knowledge often.

Then as to husbands "interfering" in housework, a little tolerance from the wife would soon soothe things over. If he doesn't interfere it shows he takes no interest in your work, and if he does interfere it will help him learn for emergencies. You can't have your cake and eat it. If his interference is really intolerable after you have put it to him gently, why not try tit for tat? Why not ring up the office the day the Betson case or the Gruesome deal comes off, and say, "Oh, dear, with regard to old Betson (or old Gruesome as the case may be), I've been thinking about it, and I don't really think you handle the man right. Now, why don't you do this, that or the other. . ." You will probably by this juncture hear a bad word and the receiver slammed down. But keep cool, and when he comes home in the evening raging, and says what possessed you to do such a thing, retort, "Well, dear, what possessed you to ask me in front of Miss Grizzle the other day why didn't I put raisins in my rice pudding, or try to

\*23 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4, England. Nov. 11, 1938.



teach me how to polish that old oak table?"

If he is a true man with a sporting spirit he will grin at you and then hug you and say, "Aren't you a little pig!" (But you won't mind that a bit!)

If a wife has to work (but be very

sure she *has* to—some women like shelving some of the irksome jobs at home for more spectacular ones elsewhere), then the husband should take his share whenever possible. In any case, cooperation is the keynote of married happiness.



### *Christian Womanhood*

The Catholic woman in her home has unlimited power. All the charms and virtues with which Christianity has endowed her, point to her exalted position as man's refining and spiritualizing influence. Men may make the country's laws, but she can influence men's morals for good or for evil, and so true is this that the moral condition of society may be taken as an index of the virtues of its women and of the respect given them by its men.

*Our Young People and The Deaf-Mutes Friend* (Dec. '38)



### *The Voice of Experience*

America is fast taking its place as the great divorce nation of the world. Many reasons have been given for this tremendous break in family life, but no reason advanced carries with it the force that is found in the pagan practice of birth control. The child is the stabilizing unit of the family, and while there have been divorces with children becoming the pawns of law courts, yet they are not in the majority and thousands of families have been held together because of the smile of the youngster therein.

Six Chicago judges, representing Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths, gave their answers to the question, "Do large families mean fewer divorces?" the following:

A large family usually means less chances of divorce.

Nothing stabilizes a marriage like a large family.

I would advise every young married couple to have children.

There is no doubt but what children help keep parents together.

A large family exercises a strong restraining influence on parents.

Every little youngster born to a couple is an added insurance that their marriage will never be dissolved in a divorce court.

*Our Young People and The Deaf-Mutes Friend* (Dec. '38)

# The Romance of Charity

By AUGUSTINE STUDENY, O.S.B.

Little Sisters who do great things

Condensed from the pamphlet of the same title

**The first** Little Sister of the Poor was Jeanne Jugan, and her little room at St. Servan on the coast of Brittany was the first Home of the Little Family. Jeanne was born at Cancale, Oct. 28, 1792.

When she was 25 she came to St. Servan to take up nursing at the hospital. She rented two small rooms, where she was joined by Françoise Aubert, an aged domestic. While Françoise kept house and took in sewing, Jeanne went out to nurse the sick.

In the winter of 1839 Jeanne heard of an old blind woman left destitute by the death of her sister. Touched by her sad case, she decided to bring the poor woman to her rooms.

In the reception of that poor old woman the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor was born. On Oct. 15, 1840, in the presence of their pastor, Jeanne and two companions made hospitality their life's vocation.

The attic rooms of Jeanne soon proved too small for the "Servants of the Poor," and for the four old women she had there. They secured a low, narrow shack into which they moved.

Within a month they had 12 old women to keep. How was Jeanne to feed them? She had spent her last penny furnishing the new Home. "As

I have no more bread to give them," she said, "I will go out and beg for it. To go abegging will be easier for me than these poor old unfortunates."

This decision of Jeanne's was momentous. It established the *quête*, or begging rounds, as an essential part of their Rule. It stamped the Institute with a new seal of charity—to house, clothe and feed the poor by the sole means of alms, without any other security than trust in Providence to provide the wherewithal.

In 1856 the Little Sisters purchased a large estate, La Tour, near Rennes, for a central house and novitiate. They called the Motherhouse "The Tower of St. Joseph" because, in drawing lots for a patron saint, his name came out thrice in succession. They set a small plaster statue of their newly elected patron atop a mound on the grounds.

At least once in her life each Little Sister, whatever the country of her birth may be, comes to the Tower of St. Joseph. There, in an atmosphere fragrant with memories of the sanctities of the first Little Sisters, she repeats her perpetual vows.

The Little Sisters came to England in 1851. In those days the wearing of a religious garb in public was a heroic thing in the centers of sectarian fear

\**St. Anne's Novitiate, 110-39 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village, L. I., N. Y.*

of Romanism. The Little Sisters were put under arrest for begging; epithets of "Daughters of the Pope," "Ghosts of Another Age," were hurled at them from press and the pulpit; Charles Dickens came to their support with a splendid appreciation in his *Household Words* (Feb. 13, 1852); and the controversy attained such vigor that it reached Parliament. In the end, as always, the Little Sisters won out. The sectarians might hate their religion, but they could not dislike their charity.

The Little Sisters came to the U. S. Sept. 13, 1868, and established their first home in Brooklyn.

Within a span of 100 years—1839 to 1939—the Little Sisters of the Poor have established a total of 306 Homes in almost every country on the five continents. In the U. S. they have 51 Homes.

Wrapped in her mantle and hood, the Little Sister goes out on her *quête*. Serene and modest, "clothed in poverty and recollection," she makes the rounds of homes and markets. At the Home, Little Sister cook, with hands made expert by love, will turn all this food into savory dishes for the poor. (And I'll bear witness that these old boys and girls *can* eat!)

Another *quête* takes the begging Sisters to the business districts, where the clink of coins supplants the rustle of victuals. After the day's rounds, the "two brass mites" of the widow jostle in the Sister's purse with the silver

coins of those who gave "of their abundance."

Once at Lyons the Little Sisters called on a tradesman. He happened to be in ill humor and proceeded to abuse all religious Orders. When he ceased speaking the Little Sister raised her eyes, and said, "Now that you have given me something for myself, won't you please give me an alms for my poor?" The man was so astounded at such effect of his eloquence that, with tears in his eyes, he gave the Sister a generous donation and bade her come again.

Times change, and if the work of the Little Sisters changes with them, it is only in method, not in spirit. Today in the large cities of the U. S., wholesalers gladly supply the Homes of the Little Sisters with bread, vegetables and meats. The modern visitor to a Home will be shown large bins filled with hundreds of loaves in waxed paper and baskets full of vegetables and meats.

If the begging basket and wagon remain the royal insignia of the Little Sisters of the Poor, their deliberate renunciation of any fixed income is their *Magna Carta*.

This problem came up definitely in 1865. A French lady offered the Little Sisters 4,000 francs as endowment for a bed. Soon others made similar offers. Then it was that Comte le Breton, himself a benefactor, sounded a note of warning. "You ought not to accept any such endowments," he said. "You

ought to possess only the land and house you live in, and for the rest depend on daily charity, which is your manna-bread falling from heaven."

These ideas corresponded with the sentiments of Jeanne Jugan and her companions. On June 19, 1865, after much prayer and reflection, they arrived at this decision: "The Congregation cannot possess any annual subsidy or fixed revenue in perpetual title." The courage of this step is matched by the beauty of the sentiment which inspired it: "for holy poverty is our strength."

It need hardly be remarked that the Little Sisters gladly accept any legacy which is not a trust fund.

Two conditions are required for admission to a Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The applicant must be about 60 years old, and he or she must be destitute.

The Little Sisters' refuge for unwanted old age is not an *institution*, but a *home*—that revered name, which connotes father and mother, brothers and sisters. The Home harbors the Little Family, with nature's order reversed. The old ones are the children, the Little Sisters—young virgins who left home for their sake—are their mothers and above them all is God, our Father who is in heaven.

The Little Sisters make it a point to cultivate the family mode of life, which satisfies the legitimate cravings of the human heart. The old folks are made to feel that they are members of the Little

Family. They have their little belongings, marked, not with a dead number, but with their living name. It is not "25" or "36" on the card at the foot of the bed; but "Maggie Jones," and "John Smith." And the able ones have their simple chores, whereby they help the Sisters. "Julie," said old Mary, hemming sheets, "I don't know how the Little Sister could get along without us two." "Indeed, I could not," the Little Sister assured them.

At times the virtue of the old people attains the proportions of sainthood. At San Francisco, crippled Margaret, to make herself as useful as she could, kept a jug of water at her side. Painfully rising from her chair, she ministered to her companions when they wanted a drink.

But a greater sacrifice was asked of Margaret of the Water. She was delegated to offer all her prayers for the conversion of a wayward son of a benefactress. Time passed, and still the favor was withheld. "What are you doing, Margaret," asked the Good Mother, "that we cannot obtain this grace?" "But, Good Mother, only this morning I offered my life for the young man. I can't do any more, can I?"

At last God responded. The young man received the Sacraments at the Home. By a coincidence he knelt at the communion rail between his two mothers—her who gave him birth, and Margaret who won his spiritual rebirth at the cost of her life. For within the

week God accepted the pledge of her life and took her unto Himself.

The idealism of the Little Sisters is nourished by humility, not the anaemic humility of the drooping eye, the demure smile, the sad voice; but the realistic humiliation which cuts to the raw nerve. Without this realism of humility their charity would not have that incandescent glow which makes it angelic.

The Home at Jemappes in Belgium (1857) was, so to speak, built out of the stones of humiliation. Twice the begging Sisters were arrested in different boroughs, brought before the magistrate and then conducted out of the district by the sheriff, who watched them out of sight lest they return. But the humility of the Little Sisters was enduring, their charity inventive. Somehow they must provide for the many destitute old people in that coal mining district. Since the Sisters were forbidden to go out begging, the Good Mother had the following words printed on visiting cards: "The Little Sisters of the Poor at Jemappes will do me the pleasure of calling at my home." Then followed a line for the signature.

Many of the citizens saw the joke. Signing their names to the cards, they returned them to the Little Sisters. Now the begging Sisters could safely go out, for no constable dare arrest a lady, calling in response to a social invitation. And if the host chose to give something to his guest, neither was that

any business of the constable's. In a short time enmity turned to appreciation, and the Home became prosperous with many old people.

The conventual element in the life of a Little Sister is not only very real, but it is most vital. Meditation, the Holy Office, the annual retreat and above all the daily Mass and Communion—this is the food, in the strength of which the Little Sister carries on. She can keep on loving those poor old people only because she steepes her soul in daily communion with her Eucharistic Spouse in the Sacrament of Love.

The Little Sisters, having of set purpose renounced all assured revenues, have, not merely as a matter of virtue but as a matter of actual necessity, to rely on the biblical promise: "God will provide." With them the sixth chapter of St. Matthew is, not merely a bit of pious poetry, but a document of actual contract: "Behold the birds of the air. Consider the lilies of the field. Be not therefore solicitous for tomorrow, saying: What shall we eat? Wherewith shall we be clothed? For your Father knoweth that you have need of these things."

St. Joseph is their beloved agent of divine Providence. From the beginning, when in need of food for the body or grace for the soul, it has been an axiom with the Little Sisters and their charges: "Ask St. Joseph for it."

Early in 1934 at St. Paul, the kitchen Sister reported one day that there was

not enough bread for breakfast. "Go to Mass," said the Good Mother. "Afterwards we shall see." After Mass the begging Sister prepared to go to a neighbor's house and telephone to the baker's for bread. As she came out of the door she met the baker with a load of bread. "Sorry, Sister," he said, "that I could not answer your telephone call sooner." "But nobody telephoned you!" "Someone certainly did, an hour ago. I could not come right away, but here's your morning's bread." Who telephoned? St. Joseph knows.

Of course, such evidences of supernatural intervention are not accepted at their face value by skeptics. One such, to his own surprise, became a victim of his own scepticism. He was a gentleman of Blois who, though often approached, never gave anything to the Little Sisters. Needing firewood at the time, the begging Sisters decided to make another try of him. "We need some firewood," they said. "Well, and who is going to give it to you?" was the unfeeling retort. "I have asked St. Joseph to send me some," replied the Sister. "And do you think"—there was an edge to the man's voice—"that St. Joseph will come down from heaven to bring you some wood?" The Little

Sister softly said, "No, sir, but he will move some charitable person to do so."

And St. Joseph did it right then and there. Unaccountably, the man experienced a change of heart. "You may go home," he said in an altered voice. "St. Joseph will send you the wood." That evening he sent several loads of wood to the Home, and ever after was a friend of the Little Sisters.

In all human acts we must look for a motive. What, then, is the motive which inspires the zeal and insures the perseverance of the Little Sisters in their constant care of destitute old age? It is briefly this: The Little Sister sees Jesus Christ in every wretched man and woman, which vision is guaranteed by Christ himself. It is significant that the Savior, who preached the love of God and the love of man, should, in His parable of Judgment Day, mention only this one criterion of His verdict on men: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you. . . For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me; in prison, and you came to Me."



Christianity is always out of fashion, because it is always sane and all fashions are mild insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times.

—G. K. Chesterton



# The Northlands Mission Field

Where life is a hazard

By THE EDITORS

Condensed from *The Shield*\*

**Toward the top** of the American Continent lies a territory so vast and so sparsely settled that missionary work there would seem, from the human standpoint, a practical impossibility. Covering approximately four million square miles, this mission land ranks as one of the largest in the world. There are perhaps two million inhabitants living in small settlements, separated from each other by barriers of mountains, ice and snow.

The people must wrest their precarious food supplies from seas and lakes, which grudgingly yield their waters from the grip of the ice in the month of June, only to begin freezing again in the month of August.

The landscape of the northern territory is, for the most part, without trees. What little wood is to be found is too valuable for use as fuel, for it must be employed in the construction of hunting implements, tent-poles and frames for boats. Plant life is limited to small shrubbery, grasses and mosses.

The food of the Northlands people consists chiefly of meat and fish, the caribou, the walrus and the seal being the chief sources of supply. Indeed, without the seal, the Eskimos would be lost. The skin of the seal furnishes material for boots and containers for

oil; its meat is food for men and dogs; its fat provides oil for light in winter as well as fire for heating and cooking. The intestines of the seal provide waterproof clothing and translucent material for windows.

The reasons why the Indians and Eskimos who inhabit northern Canada and Alaska settled in these bleak countries, and how they came there, are two questions which yet remain unsolved.

Some authors maintain that the Eskimos belong to the Mongol race, drawing this conclusion from a study of facial features, hair, and color of skin. The possibility that the first Eskimos crossed to the North American Continent from East Asia has long been recognized by scholars who have given study to this question. Father Bernard Hubbard, the famous Jesuit explorer of the Northlands, tried to demonstrate the possibility of mass migration from Asia to Alaska by navigating a considerable section of northern waters in an Eskimo *oomiak*, or boat made of walrus skin.

Three distinct groups are found. Those in Alaska have acquired a considerable degree of civilization through their contact with representatives of fishing companies and travelers. To the east of this group, however, in the Dis-

\*Crusade Castle, Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Nov., 1933.

trict of Mackenzie, is a primitive group, practically unknown to white men until accidentally discovered in 1908; these Eskimos are exceedingly savage people and until recently were quite capable of cannibalism. Two Oblate missionaries were murdered by them in 1913 and parts of the bodies eaten. A third group of Eskimos, in northern Keewatin and Franklin Territory are well civilized.

The Indian population of Alaska and northern Canada represents a large variety of living conditions, dialect and cultural characteristics, ranging from the high-type Kootenay to tribes whose ways of living deserve for them the title of barbarian.

Most of the religious beliefs among the Northlanders, as among other peoples of the world, sanction what is good and condemn what is bad. Among the Eskimos who have not been taught Christianity, religious practices are largely a matter of taboos. For example, a hunter is forbidden to chop wood or to gather grass for four days should he happen to catch a white whale; if he does not obey this rule, he will be punished by sickness; again, parents are not allowed to eat what their eldest son happens to catch while hunting; if they do, he will not be successful on the hunt in the future. Some of these taboos are quite cruel in their effects. Thus, when a member of the family is dying, quite commonly all of the other members will walk out of the

house and leave him to die alone. After death, the body is removed through the skylight, as only the living may pass through the door.

The non-Christian Eskimo attributes great power to spirits. Everything that happens in the world around him that he cannot explain in a normal way is considered to be the work of the spirits.

Closely associated with their fear of the spirit-world is the belief in the continued existence of the human soul after death. An Eskimo woman, at the death of her husband, will scatter ashes across the trail leading to the burial spot and will slash the air with a butcher-knife, indicating that the departed husband and father must have no more to do with his family. To save himself from the avenging spirit of his victim, a murderer may cut off the hands and feet of his victim, the belief being, if the body is thus mutilated, the spirit will not be able to move about.

Even the primitives among the Northlands people have a belief in a supreme Being. Bishop Arsens Turquetil, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, says that life for the people in that country is so hard and hazardous that it is impossible for them to believe themselves to be the master of their destiny or even of their daily existence; they are obliged to live in the belief that a watchful providence is kept over them by some spiritual beings or being. The primitive people of the North,

however, were accustomed to pay more attention to the evil spirits than to the supreme Being, or "Good Spirit," and in this, too, they follow the pattern of life among primitive people throughout the world. Fear of evil spirits, and belief in the necessity of pleasing them, are commonly the dominating factors in the religions of primitive people.

Christian teaching was brought to Alaska by missionaries of the Greek Orthodox Church, the territory having been occupied by Russian settlers. The first of these missionaries arrived in 1794. The first Catholic missionaries to set foot in Alaska in modern times were the Franciscans, Father John Riobo and Father Mathias, who accompanied Lieutenant Don Ignacius Artega of the Spanish Armada on a voyage of exploration in the northern Pacific waters. They landed, Ascension Day, 1779, on the southern end of Prince of Wales Island, where the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered. Thus, possession of Alaska was formally taken, in the name of Christ, about 100 years before the American Government took over the civil administration of that territory.

The first missionaries from the U. S. to Alaska were Archbishop Seghers and the Jesuit Fathers Tosi and Robaut, who arrived during the summer of 1886. The Archbishop was murdered by a layman who accompanied the party as a guide and who was said to have lost his mind as the result of

the hardships of the long journey.

The principal problems of the present missionaries, both in Alaska and in Canada, are bound up with transportation. Some idea of the enormity of the problem may be had from this one item: 44 tons of coal for three Jesuit missions on the Bering Coast must be shipped annually from Seattle, at a cost from \$40 to \$120 per ton. About four-fifths of the running expenses of the Jesuit missions in Alaska represent charges for the transportation of freight, the total cost for the maintenance of the mission running to about \$35,000 per year.

The Oblate Missionaries, in the vicinity of Hudson Bay, must obtain all of their food supplies from a single transport, which is able to make only one trip a year. Should the brief summer period be shorter than usual, the ship must hasten back, leaving some of the outlying posts to wait for their mail and their vegetable supply until the next year.

The beginning of a native sisterhood has been made by Rev. John Fox, S.J., at the Hooper Bay Center. Simple religious vows have been taken by a select few Eskimo women, who follow a rule written by Father Fox himself. Some of the achievements of the missionaries of Alaska have been truly outstanding, notably the establishment of the King Island mission, all of the inhabitants of this island having become Catholics.

The work in the Northlands has been called "The Quest for the North Soul." This field remains as one of

the most compelling in its challenge to the mission-minded Catholic body of today.



## Incident on the Boundary

By BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J.

Nice neighbors

Condensed from *America*\*

For those who get their notions of Eskimos from Hollywood or from reading some of the degenerate authors of today, the few statistics I obtained in a year's sojourn on the Islands of the Bering Straits, and others, which cover the past 50 years of authentic observation and unbiased opinion, may seem astonishing. They are. There has never been a murder, nor a divorce, nor a serious stealing, nor a deadly quarrel during this period. In spite of their annual migrations to the mining camp of Nome, there has never been a single case of any social disease on the island.

There are no vermin, and the inside of the Eskimos' houses are so clean that literally one could eat off the floor. There has never been a resident doctor or nurse on King Island, so the present chief whose name is Aolarana and who is chief by natural selection based on leadership qualities, and not by politics, is doctor, surgeon, dentist and midwife. He has delivered 1,200 babies in

his 35 years of chieftainship, with no fatality among the infants and the loss of but one sickly mother who died after, but not on account of childbirth. The King Island women admit of no birth control and look down upon white women of childless families.

The entire race, however, is afflicted with tuberculosis, from poverty and close living more than any other reason. Three out of four babies die usually between the ages of one month and three years. Those who survive live normally like other people and some attain ages of 80 or more. No cancer or high blood pressure has ever been detected among them.

The King Islanders are all devout Catholics, thanks to the unselfish missionary zeal of Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., a Canadian Jesuit, diminutive in size but gigantic in character, who has been with his beloved flock for 38 years without ever leaving the country.

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Nov. 19, 1938.

North of King Island, between America and Siberia are the two Diomed Islands, with the international date line running between them. Little Diomed belongs to the U. S., Big Diomed to Russia. The same race inhabits both islands; but ever since the Soviets reorganized Russia, the Eskimos left the new Utopia whenever they could, many escaping over the winter ice to Alaska.

Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., one of the Alaskan missionaries, has been stationed on Diomed Island. Two years ago, a Siberian refugee acquainted him with a Soviet catechism which all the Siberian children are forced to learn. It is modeled very closely on our Catholic catechism, except wherever we have the word *God*, the Soviet catechism blasphemously substitutes the word, *Lenin*. For example: "Who created the world?" Answer: "*Lenin*."

Father Cunningham sent the news of this bit of interesting propaganda to Catholic periodicals, notably *America*, and the printing of this embarrassed the Soviet Government very much. At any rate, the Soviet officials began laying for Father Cunningham.

He was out walrus hunting with his native Diomed hunters, because in his poverty he must obtain his food from the hunt like the rest. Wind and current suddenly changed, and the drifting ice floes jammed about the *oomiak* in which the hunters were paddling and forced it over against the shore of the

Russian Diomed. As Father Cunningham stepped ashore, a red-garbed official popped up from behind a rock, where he had lain concealed, and menaced Father Cunningham with a pistol. The Chief of the Russian Eskimos acted as interpreter and indicated to Father Cunningham that the Soviet official was arresting him for illegal entry into the country. Furthermore, he demanded that Father Cunningham get into the nearby Soviet plane and go to Wellen in Siberia and stand trial.

It was such an unexpected turn of events, as there had always been only the most friendly relations between the people of the two islands, that Father Cunningham was nonplussed. In order to have time to collect his thoughts, he demanded of the Soviet official his authority for arresting him. The official produced a scroll, written in Russian, and Father Cunningham took plenty of time pretending to read it. The pistol was pointed at him all the while. In an attempt at bravado he handed the writ back to the Soviet officer and told him in mock seriousness that it was an international question and his document was not valid as it had neither Stalin's nor Roosevelt's signature on it. The Red seemed confused, but the ruse had the desired effect of killing time and permitting the slow-thinking Diomed hunters to guess that something was wrong.

Uperaluk, their Chief, a strapping intelligent leader, strode forward with

his men to the local Kasga, whither Father Cunningham had been removed and further interrogated, always at the point of a pistol. In blunt Eskimo style, he said to the Soviet official, "Now you can go back where you came from and we will take our Father back where we came from." The Alaskan Eskimos were both sympathetic and armed, so the incident was closed with the Soviet official's bluff being called and Father Cunningham being rescued.

It is international law that any vessel in distress or needing water can land anywhere; therefore, Father Cunningham was not illegally on Soviet territory. Our own Government officials have always been most courteous to the Soviets whenever they have come over to our side of the Bering Sea or Arctic Ocean; but whenever the reverse has been the case, we have received insults.

A high official in Alaska, and the people's choice at that, went on record after being told of the Father Cunningham incident, to say that he would demand a public apology from Moscow for the insult to one of our nationals, as well as a private one to Father Cunningham himself. Of course, this is another headache for our State Department, but that is what the members of the State Department are paid their salaries for—to get just such headaches and cure them. Quite a few of us in the Far North know quite a

few things about Siberian oppression.

From our experience in trying to talk to underling Soviets who were afraid to say anything and were always looking about in dread of something, we got the impression that about 180,000,000 people in the Soviet Union are living in abject fear, each one fearing that the person to whom he is talking is a government agent who is going to have him purged or wiped out some way or other. Fear cows them from expressing their sentiments, and lack of weapons prevents them from changing their terrible lot. It seems quite obvious to experienced observers that any nation, even little Finland, with its good credit slate, could lick Soviet Russia by merely sending transport planes loaded with guns and ammunition to the oppressed populace of the tried and found-wanting Soviet Union, and they would rise *en masse* against their cruel oppressors.

I am no advocate of war, but neither am I an advocate of economic and spiritual slavery worse than death. It is unfortunate that Communism has been treated in this country as a philosophy, not as a practicality. If even the honest exponents of the philosophy could see the real practical application of Communism they would have to be fanatics not to be convinced of the general failure of the practical application of the Communistic principles in the Soviet Union.



# Who Founded Modern Nursing?

Let's look at the record:

By VINCENT CROTTY

Condensed from *The Irish Catholic*\*

Ask any ten of a dozen people who founded modern nursing and they will probably tell you: Florence Nightingale. They are but re-echoing the sentiments of millions of people throughout the world. But if millions of people can think the earth is flat and be wrong, millions of people can think Florence Nightingale the founder of modern nursing and be wrong. And they *are* wrong.

Nursing, which had been one of the finest manifestations of the principle of good works, withered away with the perishing of the principle; so that the Protestant countries found themselves, even as late as the 19th century, in an unbelievably disgraceful condition with regard to the care of their sick.

This statement may sound far too sweeping; but there is evidence to prove it to the hilt. Witness the appeal of Sir Edward Parry, head of the naval hospital at Haslar in that century. He pointed out that the only people he could get to nurse the sick sailors were coarse and immoral women "such as only the most absolute necessity" justified him in accepting. He made a warm appeal for some few decent women who might come to his help, and assist in cleaning up the hospital. To his own signature were added those

of five doctors. And yet there was not a single volunteer! A writer of the period, or rather, of a few years later, describing the hiring of nurses of those times, does not mince her words: "On the whole the testimony brought before us is sickening. Drunkenness, profligacy, violence of temper, horribly coarse and brutal language—these are common."

The dearth of response to Sir Edward Parry's plea amazes our generation. But the decline of religious bigotry, and of the religious principle of Protestantism which holds that we are justified by faith alone without works, explains it.

In the early 19th century English and German hospitals were in atmosphere like badly-run public houses—and worse; the countries which had remained in the Catholic tradition possessed a splendid nursing system. For nucleus there were the nuns who devoted their lives to this work. With the nuns there was always a quota of chaplains who looked after the spiritual needs of the patients. If we take, as an example, the staff of a typical French hospital of the period we find that there were eight chaplains, nine physicians and surgeons, and 12 sisters.

John Howard, a remarkably enter-

\*55 Middle Abbey St., Dublin, C. 9, Ireland. Nov. 3, 1938.

prising, altruistic Englishman, covered the English hospitals and then went abroad to compare those of his own country with those he encountered in his travels. This man has left accounts of many continental hospitals. From his work there emerges the fact that the countries of France, Belgium, Spain and Italy—all Catholic in tradition—were far and away superior to his own country in their provision for the wants of the sick and needy. In fact, for Catholicism, there is no hard and fast distinction between modern nursing and the pre-modern. There never was any period at which nursing fell into degradation—never any need for a *founder* who would remedy existing ills and start with a clean slate. It is grimly significant that this nursing revival in the Protestant states was indebted for its inspiration and initial training to the Catholicism from which they had broken away.

The first virile invasion of the British Isles came with the influx of Catholic *émigrés* from the France of the Revolution. The subsequent growth was slow owing to reactionary legislation, but it was wonderfully sure. Before 1840 there were only 15 Catholic religious communities of women in England. In 1854 there were 84.

The conclusions so favorable to Catholicism which had been shown by the investigator—John Howard—have been suppressed in subsequent editions and references to his work; but the ac-

tual presence of the nuns in England could not be altogether ignored. It began to have its results. But it took a war to bring things to a head.

Out of the turmoil of the Crimean War was born what is now popularly known as modern nursing (but which is really only modern *English* nursing). Out in the bitter climatic conditions of Russia the need of nurses became imperative. Here the superiority of the French religious system was immediately apparent. The Sisters of Charity were the first ministering angels of the Crimea; and they were looking after the French soldiers only.

The English war correspondents were not slow to see the superiority of the French system to their own. And even if they had failed to do so, their own soldiers would have pointed it out to them with their cry, "Why have our men no Sisters of Charity to care for them in sickness as the French have?" War and its horrors had softened the bitter edge of bigotry; and they knew good nursing when they saw it.

And so we come to Florence Nightingale. She was an exceptional woman, burning with the ideal of service which is deep enough in most women. Yet, had she been born a few years earlier the odds are that we should scarcely have ever heard of her. The occasion of all the publicity she has received was the Crimean War with its illustration of the superiority of Catholic nursing methods.

In 1847 she became a friend of Henry Edward Manning, a Protestant arch-deacon who turned Catholic in 1851. That friendship remained. It was the inspiration of her very noble life. While on a visit to Rome she had admired intensely the work of the various Catholic hospitals, schools and orphanages. Manning encouraged her in the idea of transplanting some of this charity into Protestant fields. When she came back to London they joined one another in works of mercy much needed in England. It was during one of the years that followed that Miss Nightingale wrote thus to Manning: "I dislike and despise the Church of England. She received me into her bosom, but what has she ever done for me? She never gave me work to do for her, nor training to do it if I found it for myself. You think it would be a sacrifice for me to join the Catholic Church, a temptation to remain where I am. If you knew what a home the Catholic Church would be to me! All that I want I should find in her. All my difficulties would be removed. I have laboriously to pick up here and there crumbs by which to live. She would give me daily bread. The daughters of St. Vincent would open their arms to me. They have already done so, and what should I find there? My work already laid out for me instead of seeking it to and fro and finding none, my home, sympathy, human and divine. I like your *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*. With

us God is dead. He has been dead nearly 2,000 years. He wrote the Bible about 1,800 years ago and since then He has not been heard of."

Even if we confine ourselves to the testimony of Miss Nightingale herself—we must arrive at a conclusion that she owed her whole life's mission from the points of view of inspiration, encouragement and training, to Catholicism. To quote her again: "The Catholic Orders offered me work, training for that work, sympathy and help in it, such as I had in vain sought in the Church of England. The Church of England has for men bishoprics, archbishoprics and a little work (good men make a great deal for themselves). For women she has—what? I had no taste for theological discoveries; I would have given her my head, my heart, my hand. She would not have them. She told me to go back and crochet in my mother's drawing room; or, if I were tired of that, to marry and look well at the head of my husband's table. You may go to the Sunday school if you like, she said. But she gave me no training even for that. She gave me neither work to do for her nor education for it. In dens of disgrace and disease the only clergy who deserve the name of *pastors* are Roman Catholic."

As regards the actual work in the Crimea we have only to listen to the words of one of the volunteer lay nurses to find that the core of the whole expedition were the 15 nuns sent out

by Cardinal Manning from England and Ireland. The lay volunteers were neither hardy enough nor trained; and the burden of the work fell on the nuns. History has recorded the magnificence of their success.

If we regard modern nursing as meaning nursing practiced outside the Religious Orders—lay nursing—it is not just to the memory of Florence Nightingale that it should in its entirety be held as a creation of hers. Modern nursing is a profession—an economic

venture; but Florence Nightingale was disinterested. She worked, as is clear from her letters, because nursing was a godly thing—the service of charity to fellow humans initiated by Christ on the Cross. Today nursing is becoming increasingly materialistic; the divine light that surrounds so economically wasteful an entity as the sick is being lost sight of. And the sick are the first to suffer. Only in the Religious Orders is the original impulse of charity preserved in its purity.



### Red Cross

The first Red Cross Society was instituted by St. Camillus de Lellis, who died on July 14, 1614. This Saint was of noble Italian birth and while serving in the Venetian army was badly wounded in the leg and sent to the hospital where he was so impressed with the horrors of what was really a pest house that he resolved to devote his life to suffering humanity.

At 32 he was ordained a priest and set about founding a religious order whose members would bind themselves by vow to serve the sick. "They shall wear a red cross upon their breasts," said the Saint, "to remind them of the sufferings of our Savior Jesus Christ. This will give them strength and encouragement." Two Popes blessed the Red Cross Society and the world today is indebted to the Catholic Church for this great Society.

John S. Mix, C.R. in *The Centinel* (Oct. '38)



### Double Cross

It was in honor of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, patron saint of General Franco, that the more important towns of the Red zone were bombarded with loaves of bread. On Madrid, especially on its poorer quarters and suburbs, 178,000 loaves were dropped.

Fearing, without doubt, the moral effects of this generosity on the population, the rumor was started that the bread was poisoned.

Many had, however, already eagerly consumed the loaves that had fallen from the heaven. It was therefore given out that if the bread had not been chemically poisoned, at least it was full of the poison of Fascism, and those who partook of it were enemies of the proletariat!

*Catholic Herald* (14 Oct. '38)

# My Life in Prison

Sanctity behind bars

By No. 19368

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**Some primitive** impulse urged me to scream at the harsh metallic clatter of huge iron gates as they closed behind me, choking off my past, sending me staggering into a cold future.

As in a trance I was led into the toughest prison in the U. S., known to the underworld as "The Rock." This would be my home for ten years.

Still stuporous of mind, I was put through the paces of "dressing-in"; my hair was clipped; I was "mugged," and finally taken to the record office.

"Protestant or Catholic?" A belated wave of shame engulfed me at the clerk's question, prodding my numbed senses.

"Catholic!" I answered, hungrily clutching this ray of hope which had penetrated the depth of my despair.

The barren prison yard swarmed with milling, gray-clad figures; the dejected, faithless, hopeless, mirthless hulks of empty-shelled humanity. Among certain groups I found some with whom I had "done time," others I had known on the streets. They knew me as a "right guy"; through them would come "connections"—tobacco, toilet articles, perhaps later a soft job. Most of these were "lifers," or long termers with scant hopes of release. All were ready to "crash the joint" or, if

provoked, to take a life. Tough characters in a tougher prison.

No one ever spoke of religion. True, some had none, but I knew that a dozen or more had been Catholics in their youth. I pondered this question many times, especially when some fellow extolled the virtues of Communism, but whenever the subject of the Catholic religion came up it was changed quickly. Why?

The day before Easter I asked "Big Dick," a "peat man" (safecracker) and several others I knew to be Catholics, if they would attend Mass with me the next day. I received cold stares, a sneer; one laughed.

"What's the idea, Pat, gettin' soft? Mass—say, that's a laugh. What good'll it do you?"

"Get next to yourself!" snarled Dick, "why the Cath—!"

My fist exploded against Dick's jaw. I felt my left give when it struck his big mouth. Before I knew it two strong arms wrapped around me. I could smell and taste blood which, dripping from Dick's bruised mouth, had smeared my lips. I felt the sharp biting sting of a knife blade in my back. Tiny spots of black danced before my eyes—and—as I slowly regained consciousness, I made out the ring of guard uni-

\*Union City, N. J. Dec., 1938.



forms which surrounded my bed in the prison hospital. I saw the prison doctor's white operating-room clothes, felt him raise my heavy eyelids, heard him say, "He's coming to, gentlemen. I must insist on just a question or two. He's lost lots of blood."

"Who cut you, Pat?" a voice miles away asked.

"I don't know. . ." I whispered. I had no intention of telling what I knew.

"Doc says you're going to die. Tell us so we can even the score with the rat that done it."

"I told you I don't know. Let me alone." The picture mercifully faded out for me there.

They gave me a transfusion that night. Big Dick furnished the blood and my friends kept me well supplied with chocolate, tobacco and other luxuries during my long convalescence.

After my discharge from the hospital I went back with the old gang. My stock had gone up considerably. I had stood up under fire, and in some respects was a hero. But for me . . . well, they were different.

I had done much thinking during my long stay in the hospital. The old gang had lost their glamor.

While my days passed in orderly parade, my nights were nightmares, filled to saturation with haunting memories. My mind flew to the consideration of each ill deed committed since my last confession several years before.

Once before the parish priest had given me Extreme Unction, when my life was despaired of, but I had recovered in spite of the doctor's prediction that I would die. It had not occurred to me then to thank God for saving my life, but now, the realization of the depth of my debt to Him tortured me. I had failed Him. A still voice inside me hammered, "What will you do about it?"

Sunday I stopped the gang and told them I wasn't going to breakfast.

"Why not?" they asked in surprise. "Are you sick, Pat?"

"Because I have fasted since midnight and I'm going to Confession; and, if the good Father will permit me, to Holy Communion."

"Going to Confess . . .?" Big Dick looked at me strangely. . . "O. K., Pat." . . . and the gang went on.

I poured out my sinful heart in Confession; my penance was a joy. I seemed to be filled with an indefatigable strength and happiness after partaking of Holy Communion. I felt reborn.

Mass over, I hurried to my friends to tell them of my happiness. They listened to me with scepticism plain on their faces, but I didn't mind.

Although my waking hours were beset with continual reminders of a former injury to my spine, forgetting self, I strove to copy the life pattern of St. John Berchmans. I purposed to suffer patiently the defects of my companions; to judge no one; think well of



all; feel for others; be glad when others succeeded; to make excuses for my fellow-prisoners in my own mind and before others and to speak only good and kind words to all. From the moment of awakening to my firm purpose I kept fanning the flame of my fervor by short prayers.

I was mocked, and seemingly despised, by my own kind, particularly Big Dick. I had many fist fights.

One day, after a bitter battle with another prisoner, during which I received a split lip, I was called to the Captain's office, surmising that I was due for my first "trip to the hole." Right then I realized the futility of physical combat, and made up my mind that from then on I would quench my hot temper.

I was met by the Catholic Chaplain instead of the Captain. Instead of the reprimand I expected, Father smiled at my effort to hide my bleeding lip and said, "How would you like to be my secretary, Patrick?"

I gulped, "Well . . . well . . . fine, Father." I was too choked up for further speech. A chance to work in earnest for my fellow prisoners. That night I thanked Him and the Blessed Virgin for their guidance.

The next day hundreds of the men congratulated me. Big Dick and several of the others of the gang congratulated me, but there were some who begrudged my good fortune.

"Yeah! . . . had ta blow smoke with

the Captain, I betcha—" sneered one. With a terrific blow to the jaw Big Dick dropped him.

My records proved that 90 per cent of the men confined in prison had neither religious training nor any religious faith. Were prisons overcrowded largely because much of humanity lacks religious restraint? Was there a solution to this problem?

Several months of feverish work passed rapidly. Most obstacles were overcome with the aid of my good friend, the Chaplain. With his sanction I began a catechism class for converts. In ten days the class numbered 20. After the first month, Father took over the classes as the men were prepared for the more difficult phases of the faith.

Two months later Father told me he had arranged to have a Passionist priest hold a Mission in our chapel during Holy Week.

"Now look here, old man . . ." I was talking with all my powers of persuasion to Big Dick the next morning. . . . "You've known me for a long time; you know I'm O. K. You know that I'm on the square, that I'm sincere about my religion. This Mission will only last a week and I know if you just pass the word along the gang will back up any play you make. For my sake, Dick, I want you to come a time or two. Help me put this thing over."

I could see that he was puzzled about how to take me.

"I've got to save my face in front of this young missionary, Dick; it means a great deal to me. You know, old man, I really had you figured as my friend. Well—I guess we all make bum guesses now and th—" I started to turn away.

Big Dick's huge hand caught my shoulder roughly, spinning me around.

"Listen to me, guy. I wouldn't do this for my own brother, see, only I figure you're really on the up and up, and I'm gonna go for the play even if we all get the 'Bronx.'"

"Swell, Dick, that's fine!" I told him, feeling as if a miracle had been performed before my eyes. "And if there are any 'Bronx cheers' to handle, you can count me in."

Over the loud-speakers at the noon meal went the announcement that all Catholics were invited to attend Chapel.

Taking my stand at the head of the line after lunch, and with some trepidation, I watched the sea of faces. Fear assailed me. Had Big Dick talked about it to some of the gang before dinner? Would he throw me down after promising? Somehow it seemed of vast importance to me that Big Dick attend that meeting; to accomplish this feat, which had seemed such a forlorn hope, meant more to me than my freedom at that moment. I could not stand the suspense longer. My eyes sought Dick. At first there was no sight of him, but wait! God be merciful! There was Dick, and not alone, for behind

him were the whole gang—Protestant, atheist and Catholic alike, on their way to the Chapel.

Father came before his audience in his black robes, a crucifix thrust into his leather girdle. Turning on the full power of his personality he told us:

"I can understand your problems, your sufferings and your misfortunes. I, myself, am only a convert to the faith. I was born and raised south of the 'Slot' in San Francisco; I understand and speak the 'hoodlum' language, for, as a kid, I fought with and was one of them for years."

Purposely, for the next few days, I avoided Big Dick, but each day he came to the Chapel with the gang. I knew, after that first day, from the expressions on the various faces, that something had touched the hearts of these men, for they had lost their cocksureness.

Each day new men squeezed inside the Chapel, and they, too, were held spellbound by Father Caspar's fiery truths.

On Good Friday, when the last talk of the Mission was over, Father explained that Confessions would be held on Saturday, and outlined for them the meaning of Holy Communion.

On Holy Saturday Father Caspar came early. Men sought information about making a good Confession who had not been in church for many, many years. Some came with hanging heads, others with determination and

pride. I gave assistance here and there, advising, sorting and helping them with their problems.

"Pat," a familiar voice called, as I moved rapidly here and there, "*Pat!* . . . just a minute, willya," . . . and turning I faced Big Dick, beside him the Frisco Kid.

"Why Dick—" I said, "gosh it sure was swell of you guys to come every day. I haven't had a minute to look you up, but—" the drawn, haggard look on the faces of those two stopped me.

"Well, Pat—" it was the Frisco Kid —"we're hooked, Dick an' me wanna make a Easter Duty, but Cripes!—well, I ain't ever made one so how'm I gonna do it?" Then it was Big Dick's turn:

"I haven't been to Confession for 20 years, Pat; I forgot how to say my prayers and how ya confess. I gotta have help, Pat—" I could see what it was costing Big Dick to swallow his false pride and drop his "tough-guy" mask.

"Hell! I'm in the same boat as the others, Pat, how's about ringin' me in on it too?" asked another.

Stunned, I signalled them to follow me to a little interview room. Instead of the three or four men I expected, 15 members of the gang piled into that room, following Big Dick and the Frisco Kid.

I patiently explained the rudiments of Confession to them, instructing them

in the simplicity of making a first Confession. Two of them weakened in their resolve to go to confession and, upon declaring their intention not to go, started to edge outside.

"Listen you guys," Big Dick piped up, "you told God you was gonna go, didn't ya? Whatta ya gonna do, welch out on a guy like Him?" Under the withering glance of Big Dick the two, looking shamefaced, eased back.

I finally got them one by one into the confessional, too happy to speak, too choked up to cry.

That glorious Eastern Morning the first High Mass in the history of our institution was celebrated by Father Caspar, who gave Holy Communion to almost 200 communicants. Afterwards I followed Father Caspar through the door into the Captain's private sanctum. He said to me:

"Father Caspar and the Chaplain have told me you have a natural aptitude for this kind of work, Pat. They believe you have exchanged your old ideas about living and have learned the true value of prayer. Is that straight, Pat?" As I nodded my head affirmatively he continued, "Father also tells me that he could find employment for you along similar lines to what you do here."

"Yes? But Captain, I've still got too much time left to be arranging for a job yet," I faltered.

"Sure you have, Pat, but at the meeting of the Parole Board last night your

case went on my Easter Calendar. On my recommendation they saw fit to grant you a parole, effective as soon as you have served the minimum of your sentence. I guess you better not keep Father Caspar too long so he can get

back and arrange for that job."

"Whatever ye shall ask of Him—"

What did it matter that I had overlooked asking Him about my freedom in my prayers? I had gotten that and a lot more, too.



## Navy Men Go To Mass

The Catholic men serving in ships whose Chaplains are Protestant ministers are not, in a spiritual way, neglected. And may it be said in gratitude that the Protestant Navy Chaplain goes far out of his way to assist the Catholic bluejacket to keep the Faith. For example, he publishes information which he receives each week from the flagship regarding the name of the ships in which Mass is to be said. He arranges for a Catholic church-party boat at 9:15 which takes the men to Mass and returns them to their ship after services. During the Lenten season he adheres to a fleet schedule which provides early Mass in his ship, as often as possible, that the men may have an opportunity to make their Easter duty. He will actually round up the Catholic men and turn over his cabin to the priest for Confessions. The spirit of tolerance and cooperation in religious ministry as found today in the Navy Chaplain Corps is both remarkable and praiseworthy.

From the pamphlet, *Do Navy Men Go to Mass?* by Chaplain W. A. Maguire, U. S. Navy.



Some years ago, a Carmelite Sister was showing a priest through the cloister. She was explaining to him their very difficult, rigorous life, long fasts, vigils, night prayer and penance.

Finally, she brought him to the top of the monastery which was seated on the brow of the hill; down over the valley on the other side, there stood, on top of the hill, a beautiful marble home, which seemed to symbolize everything that was rich and refined and noble in life.

The priest said to her, "Sister, if you had an opportunity, before you became a Carmelite, of living in that home, and of having had all of the wealth that goes with it, and all of the social opportunities, would you have left that home, to have become a Carmelite?"

She said, "Father, that is my home."

Msgr. Fulton Sheen in the *Franciscan Herald* (Nov. '38)

# Dancing in Church

Choreographical note

By D. GOADBY

Condensed from *The Catholic Fireside*\*

**On the Feasts** of the Immaculate Conception, Corpus Christi and the last three days of the Carnival, a stately dance is performed before the altar in the Cathedral of Seville. This dance, the Sevillana, has been described by Raoul Laparra as "at once the most graceful and the proudest dance I know," and is centuries old. Established at the time of the Moorish conquest of Spain it is still called *Los Seises*, or the dance of the six boys, although nowadays 16 take part in it.

The dancers are dressed as pages of the time of Philip III, in blue doublets for the Immaculate Conception and red satin doublets slashed with blue on other occasions, and white hats adorned with blue and white feathers. To the accompaniment of an unseen orchestra they form two eights facing each other in front of the altar and begin by singing the anthem in honor of the Virgin, *O Mi, O Mi amada, Immaculada*, set to a dance measure. Then still singing, they commence a kind of solemn minuet of dainty steps and intricate movements.

After the first movement, which is very slow, come two faster ones ending in a pirouette. In the next two movements the quick rattle of castanets held at elbow level is substituted for the

singing. Two more movements, the first slow and the second with castanets, are followed by a repetition of the whole, after which the boys flourish their hats, drop on their knees before the altar and retire.

A few verses are then chanted, the Archbishop gives his benediction, and the ceremony ends. It is conducted throughout with perfect dignity and lacks the least suspicion of levity. Spain is today, as she has ever been, essentially the land of dance.

Dancing, technically known as choreography, is linked by tradition with religious rites. We discover in ancient Egypt the first traces of actual dancing; her priests have handed down to us an art more enduring than the stones of her monuments. In the Egyptian temple the altar stood for the orb of day while the dancers, representing the zodiacal signs, the seven planets and the constellations performed symbolic revolutions 'round the sun. From these mysterious old astronomical dances, dignified by the priests' stately bearing and the swinging censer, gradually evolved more exquisite, if less solemn measures.

That the Hebrews emulated the Egyptians is obvious from the numerous references in the Scriptures to re-

\*23 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4, England. Nov. 25, 1938.

ligious dances. We read of the solemn performance commanded by Moses after the Israelites' safe passage through the Red Sea, and of the religious dances on their three great feasts. The Hebrew temples, like those of the Egyptians, served as dancing places.

Hebrew maidens preferred a less serious measure and the Book of Kings tells of the women of all the cities who, in celebration of David's conquest of Goliath, went out with songs and dances to the sound of flutes, cytheras and taborets.

But beautiful and awe-inspiring as were the displays of Egyptians and Hebrews, they sank into insignificance when compared with the manifestations of the Greeks which were the absolute embodiment of rhythm. All their festivals and religious ceremonies were graced by these dances; there were measures designed to appease and honor the gods, and joyous, rhythmical leaping as a prelude to the offering of sacrifices. Greek sacred dances are classified into four groups from which are derived all the others.

As the Hebrews imitated the Egyptians, so the Romans adopted the dances of the Greeks which, owing to the licentiousness of that decadent race, then lost their chaste simplicity and became almost unrecognizable. The early Christians found it necessary to suppress all such forms of joy because of the pagan element that crept in. Dancing in Church was finally prohib-

ited altogether by Pope Eugenius.

However, in England, in the later medieval period, the Morris dance became associated with the Church. Occasionally it was actually performed within the building either in the nave or at the west end. It is interesting to observe the connection between Morris-dancing and the active expression of Christianity, and to trace it back to its source in the celebrations of the Latins when the 5th Crusade succeeded in capturing Constantinople. On this occasion solemn dances took place in the great church of St. Sophia. From these dances came the mumming-play whose usual subject was drawn from a Crusading legend, the stock piece being the rescuing by St. George of a Christian maid from her Turkish masters. In this the joy of victory was invariably represented in a Morris (or Moorish) dance.

Christmastide was a recognized season for Morris-dancing which, accompanied by songs of Yule, was common in many Yorkshire churches even as late as the days of Sir John Aubrey the antiquary; but the Whitsun Morris was even more popular. Mention of it occurs in various churchwardens' accounts. An even more interesting dance was the Maypole dance of the children. From an entry on a 15th century roll we conclude that it must have taken place in church: "Payment made to Wllm Belrynger for clensing of the church at ye Daunce of Powles."



Apparently a special frame-work was erected in the nave, for we read of the cost of "a pece of Tymber for a ynnar grounselle of Powles' Daunce and bordes for other necessities."

The proceeds from Morris and Maypole dances were devoted to Church purposes. Tradition relates how the performers originally executed a preliminary measure in the sacred edifice before starting upon their rounds of the parish soliciting donations to the

funds. The famous Horn dance continuing year by year at Abbots Bromley, in Staffordshire, perpetuates this ancient custom. The mounted reindeer antlers, dresses and other properties of the dancers are still kept in the church.

It is a pity that the ritual dance, so venerable a link with antiquity, by reason of the abuses which crept in, had to be abolished, for it is instinctive to man to adore God not only with his mind and soul, but with his body also.



## Parish Visitors

For lost sheep in cities

By GLADYS ALLIE and LORETTA STICH

Condensed from *The Black Hawk*\*

The row of children, who were perched like small blackbirds along the edge of the rickety bench, stared at her in round-eyed wonder. Sixth Street had not often seen her like. Who could she be—this lady who walked down the tenement street as serenely as if she were on the finest boulevard in the city?

Four pairs of flashing brown eyes stared at the unusual visitor who smiled at them so invitingly. Then, as she disappeared into the dark hallway, they looked at each other, consternation written on their features.

"Who dat lady?" one of them de-

manded somewhat apprehensively.

"She's a nurse!"

"Naw, she's a teachah!"

"Bet ah know what she is. She's a 'vestigatah. Mah goodness! I'se agonna run home and tell my mammy."

"Naw, yo' bettuh stay heah. She ain't gwineter 'vestigate. She's a Sis-tah."

The little girl with the kinky pig-tails had guessed the truth about the visitor. She was a Sister. But the other children were correct, too. The lady dressed in the neat, navy blue coat and the close-fitting hat was a teacher, a nurse, and an investigator—but all in a

\*Mount Mary College, 2900 Menomonee River Drive, Milwaukee, Wis. Fall Number, 1938.

spiritual sense. She was a religious whose special task was to care for those unfortunates whom even a kind heart might turn away. Hers was a work very dear to the heart of Christ and to His blessed Mother, after whom the order was named the "Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate."

The outdoor habit of the Parish Visitor is designed to inspire confidence rather than to excite hostility in those who have grown distrustful of religion. There is little about her appearance to distinguish her from a nurse or from any other conservatively dressed woman of today.

The Parish Visitor's method of approach to a home is unique. Assigned to a certain parish, she rings every doorbell within the district—whether the people be Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or of no religion at all.

Her call is prefaced with the simple statement, "I am taking the diocesan census." As most people have a very hazy idea of the meaning of "diocesan," she is given entrance. Once inside the home, tactful and kindly questioning elicits the sought-for information.

Whatever the belief of those to whom she speaks, she is almost always well received. What may seem strange is that Jewish people are, as a rule, more courteous to a Sister than those of other creeds. In the rare case when a Sister is rebuffed, she regards the humiliation as a means of grace.

It is usually not very difficult to learn whether anyone in the house is, or ever has been, a Catholic. In the short time of a call, the Visitor may discover marriages which need rectification, children who have never been baptized, and adults who are spiritually starved through loss of contact with the Church. Many of these souls have merely lacked the courage to take the first step on the avenue to reconciliation. Once the initiative has been taken, the rest is easy. The Sister's visit often provides the opportunity which they have been unconsciously awaiting.

Sometimes, the Sisters, in pursuit of those who have strayed, accidentally find someone who has never belonged to the one true fold, but is eager to discover the truth.

One of the Sisters, going about her work in the Negro district of Milwaukee, heard that the janitor of a certain building had once been a Catholic. She decided to call upon him. In one of the rooms of this building was an old colored woman, lying in bed, dressed fantastically in a red velvet hat and tan coat. She arose with great difficulty and called "Mr. George," the janitor. She then told the Sister that she had "never jined up wid any Church," but she "guessed de Cathilic Church wuz de true Church." She explained that she would like to go to church, but was unable to do so. "Ah tell yo', Sistah, ah gits fits," she remarked. Sister found out later that she had cancer,

accompanied by hemorrhages and fainting spells. Evidently she had not much longer to live.

She was given instructions on such topics as the love of God, the Eucharist, and sorrow for sin. The old colored woman listened intently and after a time she said, "Sistah, deah, git me baptized in a hurry."

Two months after the baptism she was on her death bed. When Sister asked her if she had gotten any dust on her baptismal robe, she answered, "Not a speck, Sistah, not a speck!" Pointing to the crucifix on the wall, she continued, "I talks to dis gemmun heah, and Sistah, he keeps it white foh me."

She insisted that Sister be beside her to the end. The only incident which threatened to mar her serenity was the remembrance, for a few minutes, of her very lurid past. Eliza, who in her youth had traveled in a circus as the "Wild Woman of Borneo," had been espoused to nine husbands—two of whom she had blinded. The advent of a priest to her bedside quickly quieted her troubled mind, and Eliza died in peace. An amazing aftermath was the conversion of many of her former disreputable associates.

That such a grace could have been given to one who had wandered so far argues the effectiveness of the work of the Parish Visitors. Hundreds of other cases could be cited, just as remarkable, just as gratifying. However, the Par-

ish Visitor gives very little credit to herself for the splendid results she accomplishes. In her own words, "she is but the instrument of the Holy Ghost, Who inspires her in what she says and Who prepares the minds of her listeners."

In the course of her day's work, the Parish Visitor often finds many incidents that would be very humorous if they were not quite so tragic. She can tell you about the young man stricken with tuberculosis who wanted to learn his prayers. One day he joyfully told the Sister he had learned by heart the "Anglican Salute."

She can tell you, too, about the little Negro boy who was having difficulty in learning the Apostles' Creed. When he came to the words "conceived by the Holy Ghost," he hesitated a little, then quickly added, "an' bawn in Virginny."

The order of the Parish Visitors is a new one. Its foundation was the result of the life work of Mother Teresa Talon, who is still living at the Motherhouse in Monroe, New York. During 30 years of teaching in the Catholic school, her heart was constantly torn by the plight of the so-called "bad" youngsters who came to school for a few days only to drop out or to be expelled. Mother Teresa knew that the only way she could help these children was to go into their homes. For 20 years she labored to found the Order, trying to convince authorities that her work was not too idealistic for practical applica-

tion. Finally, in 1920, the great Cardinal Hayes presented her petition to Rome. Within the very short time of seven years, in 1927, the Congregation was canonically erected.

From that time on, the community has been increasing in members and expanding in work until at present there are about 80 members who have worked in approximately 150 parishes. The Motherhouse and novitiate of the Congregation is Marycrest at Monroe, New York.

St. Boniface church, which can be considered a representative parish of Milwaukee, recently completed its census. The figures obtained by this survey of more than 2,000 families are most enlightening. According to the statistics of the census, only 50% of the

Catholic families in the parish actively practice their faith; one out of three is lax in regard to religion; one out of six is fallen-away.

If this picture is at all indicative of conditions elsewhere, we may rightfully be alarmed at the tremendous leakage in active Catholic membership. The duties of the parish priest are so manifold that, though he may deplore the evil and do his uttermost to combat it, he is very much handicapped in his endeavors by his lack of time. The Parish Visitors, on the other hand, may devote all their time and all their energies to this one specific task of bringing souls back to the Church. With an ever-widening scope of activity, in time their work will do much to stop the leakage in the Church.



## Hard Workers

Besides the circulation of his scurrilous brochures which ran about 25 million last year, Rutherford publishes two bimonthly papers, *The Watchtower* and *The Golden Age*, with a greater circulation than the combined reader-list of all our Catholic weeklies. How does he do it? By money and man power, arousing his followers to action. His agents are daily ringing doorbells in every state and every section of a state.

Peter M. H. Wynhoven, in *The Ecclesiastical Review* (Dec. '38)



# German Catholics Calm in Persecution

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

The Church of God is not a candle. Blow on!

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*\*

The more intelligent German leaders are too wily to persecute the Church with brutal directness. When the battle is set in array, it often happens that the courage and canniness are on one side and the brute force on the other. Napoleon to the contrary notwithstanding, God is not always on the side of the heaviest battalions.

One of the most inspiring incidents in the struggle between official tyranny and confident faith was the famous Corpus Christi procession in Düsseldorf last year. The story of the Düsseldorf procession is told in detail by the anonymous author of the little volume *Sous le Joug Hitlerien* (Under the Hitler Yoke), published by *La Bonne Presse* of Paris. The prefect of police of Düsseldorf, apprehensive of the possible consequences of the city-wide demonstration which he knew was in preparation, undertook to dampen it as much as possible by sending an order to the clergy, several days before, to the effect that the procession must confine itself to the narrow ancient streets of the quaint old city, on the pretext that the main boulevards must be kept open for traffic. It seemed as if this regulation would take the solemnity and significance out of the ceremonial; and the clergy thought seri-

ously at first of abandoning the celebration. But the Catholic population murmured. Finally, it was decided to go on with the demonstration of loyalty to Christ, but to handle it as to imply no sort of disloyalty to the National Socialist government. The announcement was made in all the churches that any Catholic who felt that his position would be endangered by his taking part in the procession might stay out of it, and that no one would be justified in reproaching him with cowardice or self-seeking.

Then plans were quietly made for a modest procession which would wind through a number of the dark old streets before it debouched on the great central *Marktplatz* beside which stands the church in which the final service was to be held.

When the hour for the procession arrived, the streets about the starting point were crowded with men and women from every stratum of society. The women had been requested not to join the procession; but before the enormous throng, quiet and orderly, had marched far, the women began to follow in a supplementary procession of their own. Thus tens of thousands of honest citizens, with no air of bravado or defiance, were making it quite clear

\**Notre Dame, Ind. Nov. 26, 1938.*



to the Nazi officials that Düsseldorf still felt there was virtue in her Corpus Christi celebration. A marching worshipper discovered beside him a man whom he knew fairly well and whom he had supposed to be a Lutheran. "Why, you aren't a Catholic, are you?" he asked in surprise. "No, I am not a Catholic, and neither are hundreds of others in this procession. But we know that Christ lives, and that it is our duty to worship Him; and we have come out today to back you up in this confession of faith because we realize that it is a time when every Christian who has any manhood is needed as a witness."

So the crowd surged on, doggedly, patiently in a jam that filled the streets solidly from house wall to house wall, and that required hours to finish its course. When the crowd poured out into the market square they filled the church solidly, then the *Marktplatz* and the entrances of the streets that radiated from it. The faithful were so tightly packed that the chorus of 60 young men singers was cut off, and did not follow the priests to the entrance of the church. It was decided to begin the singing from the spot where the chorus was caught in the jam, across the square from the church. The leader struck up the hymn, *Christo dem König, bis in den Tod die Treue*. And from tens of thousands of throats swelled forth the glorious vow, "To Christ the King, fidelity to death!" Never in Germany's days of prosperity

and quiet had Corpus Christi Thursday been celebrated in Düsseldorf by so tremendous a concourse, or with such fervor. And no Nazi policeman lifted a club.

In November, 1936, the Minister of the Interior, Religion and Education for the *Gau* (province) of Oldenburg, in the northwest, issued a decree ordering the removal of the crucifix from all public buildings, including the schools.

In all the churches of the province a letter of respectful but determined protest, signed jointly by the Archbishop of Oldenburg and the Bishop of Münster, was read to the congregations, and a novena was called to pray that the disaster which threatened the province might be averted. All that week every church in the region was crowded every night, and at the same hour all Catholics who could not attend said their rosary before a crucifix. Every sort of argument was brought to bear to convince the injudicious minister that he must withdraw his ill-considered order. Mayor and secretaries of parishes wrote in to inform him that they would resign their offices if they were forced to remove the crucifix from their schools. The ministry was swamped with letters of protest from every corner of Oldenburg. Worn out, and no doubt somewhat alarmed by the throngs of petitioners that crowded his anterooms all day long, the minister announced he had decided to allow the crucifix to be brought into the school buildings while



the courses in religion were in progress. This feeble and foolish half-surrender only stirred his constituents to more insistent protest. The harried Nazi official finally announced that he would speak at Cloppenburg, a market town in the south. When he arrived, he found 7,000 excited peasants waiting for him. He took his place on the platform and began discussing other matters which concerned the region. But calls of "the Crucifix!—the Crucifix!" drowned him out. He began to perorate on the reasons for the order, but the shouts and protests grew more violent. At last he managed to make himself heard above the din. "I have withdrawn the order. Keep your crucifixes in your schools!"

Instantly the hubbub changed from

annoyance and irritation to enthusiasm and extravagant joy. In five minutes every delegate had left the square and was scrambling into his auto, his cart, or astride his bicycle to carry the joyous news to his section of the countryside. It was as if a threatened disastrous defeat had been suddenly transformed into a glorious victory. It is said that there were more worshippers in the churches of Oldenburg on the following Sunday than ever before in the history of the state.

These small and temporary successes may seem of little significance in a general confusion of tyranny and folly; but they are full of comfort, and they are full of importance. They are reminders that Catholics can be as valiant in this day as they were in the days of old.



### *The Anvil That Wears Out Hammers*

The inscription on the obelisk facing St. Peter's in Rome may be studied as a powerful tonic for those who are perturbed over the anti-God outburst. That obelisk stood formerly in front of the Egyptian Sun-God's temple. It has, therefore, seen the downfall of paganism. It was placed by the Roman Emperor Caligula in the circus where Christians were flung to the wild beasts. It was thus a witness of the persecution and victory of Christianity. Since then it has borne silent witness to the march of history. It has seen the rise and fall of nations and empires; and in all that swiftly moving pageant it bears eloquent testimony to the truth inscribed upon it: Christ triumphs, Christ reigns, Christ commands.

James Deeney, C.S.S.R. in *The Redemptorist Record* (Dec. '38).



If Nero or Diocletian came back to Rome from the grave, if they were present at some great ceremony in St. Peter's to see there the Pope who reigns in Christ's name over millions of people, would they believe their senses? Had they not exterminated the "Christian Sect"? Might not the present Pope address them in words once addressed to Henry of Navarre, "It belongs to the Church of God to endure blows and not to inflict them. But it will please your Majesty to remember that the Church is an anvil which has worn out many hammers."

# Use the Radio

By EDWARD J. HEFFRON

Easy Catholic action

Condensed from *Catholic Action*\*

In the Catholic field there is no more outstanding example of the influence of the radio for apologetic purposes than that given by the National Council of Catholic Men, which for 8½ years has conducted the internationally known "Catholic Hour."

Broadcasting of local Catholic programs has also been aided by the N. C. C. M. and other interested agencies with encouraging results as cited herein—a total of 590 Catholic programs carried annually by the commercial stations of the U. S.

If Catholics were to act energetically in this matter there is no good reason why the number of Catholic programs broadcast in the U. S. should not be doubled, or trebled, or quadrupled. "Use the Radio," is a slogan which should be adopted by Catholics in every community offering an opportunity for the broadcast of Catholic programs of every character: doctrine, drama, news, special accounts of Catholic activities in the U. S.

In any area where there is a fairly considerable number of Catholics, these Catholic members of the public are entitled to their share of the "public service" of their local stations in the form of Catholic religious broadcasts. No station is doing its full duty to the

Catholics in its listening area (except, perhaps, where they are a negligible handful) unless it carries at least one Catholic program; and it has no right to expect pay for doing its duty to provide public service.

In any locality where the local station is not carrying a Catholic program, therefore, a courteous appeal to the station manager should ordinarily be sufficient to procure desirable station time. Where he affects disinterest, or doubts that the listening public will be interested in a series of Catholic programs, organization of a sufficient number of letters and telephone calls to his office will show him that he is mistaken in that attitude. But in every case, extreme courtesy is strongly urged. That the station has a public service obligation, the manager cannot deny; but that this embraces the duty of carrying Catholic religious programs involves a further bit of reasoning that he will not be likely to see once his ill-will has been incurred. Hence, while it is well to use every legitimate means of eliciting the station manager's interest and cooperation—including not only letters and telephone calls, but enlistment of the intercession of local businessmen who advertise over the station, it is urgently advised that great pains be

\*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. Nov., 1938.

taken to treat the management fairly and courteously in every respect.

If Catholics were to act energetically in this matter there is no good reason why the number of Catholic programs broadcast in the U. S. should not be increased. According to a survey made not long ago by the National Council of Catholic Men, the following was the sum total of Catholic broadcasting in the U. S.:

Catholic Stations.....	4
Secular stations carrying:	
The Catholic Hour.....	71
The Columbia Church of the Air.....	54
The N. C. C. W. "Call to Youth" program .....	45
Father Coughlin's program.....	27
The "live," i. e. not transcribed, Ave Maria program.....	16
The Catholic Truth Period.....	8
The Rosary Hour.....	5
One local "live" program each.....	102
Two local "live" programs each.....	9
Three local "live" programs each.....	3
The transcribed Ave Maria pro- grams .....	134
The transcribed "Wings Over the World" programs.....	84
The transcribed "Little Talks About God" programs.....	17

This is a total of 590 Catholic programs carried by the 655 or more purely commercial stations in the U. S.; and in some cases, two or three programs are carried by the same station. Furthermore, a good many of the programs are bi-weekly, and others run

only a few months out of the year.

As a matter of fact, therefore, there are probably as many as 450 stations not carrying a regular Catholic program, at least during a considerable part of the year. In the survey, 341 stations testified to this fact and 92 failed to return even a third request for data—a pretty safe indication that they carried no Catholic programs. It is to be noted, however, that something less than 100 stations in the country are owned by Protestants, churches, educational institutions, etc.

Of the 450 stations without Catholic programs, 102 volunteered the information that they would like to have one. Undoubtedly, if properly approached, at least twice this number would be found willing to take such programs, provided, of course, they were of good quality.

That the radio is an effective instrument of the apostolate is clearly proved by the nation-wide "Catholic Hour." In the 8½ years since the "Hour" was inaugurated, it has elicited more than 40,000 commendatory letters from non-Catholics alone, several thousand of them from non-Catholic clergymen. It has induced a friendly feeling for Catholicism in thousands of non-Catholics who had previously, by their own admissions, been bigoted and hostile. And it has led several hundred souls into and back to the Catholic faith.

The opportunity is, therefore, a great one; and our consequent duty is clear.

# Where Are the Dead?

By G. BYRNE, S.J.

Life begins at death

Condensed from *The Rock*\*

**Christian teaching** is definite on the point that "death," a moment in man's life, is the moment not of ending human life but of its continuation. The scientists, who insist on looking for spirit with a microscope and probe, and refuse to believe in it if the probe fails to touch it, expect us to accept as quite credible the theories about the invisible electron and the uncapturable nucleus.

Spirit's power is power of thought, power of will. It is not handicapped by grossness of bulk, impeded in its free activity by compelling laws of gravity. It is not nature jointed together, no matter how skillfully, and subjected to the slow, measured movements which all jointed action entails. It cannot be numbed into inactivity by drop of temperature or rendered listless by excessive summer heat. Incompatibility in the way of acting between matter and spirit is a fundamental concept. Subject spirit to the laws of space and you would destroy its spirituality. Can the mind conceive this? Why not?

Change is a familiar idea to us. Yet the change from the embryo state of any living thing is extraordinary, and, if we had no experience of it, in many cases unimaginable. Who, unacquainted with birds, by examining an egg,

breaking it and informing himself of its contents in chemical terms, could conceive the yellow and white pulpy matter developing into a bird? The change is beyond the suggestive power of human imagination, as indeed we may safely say is the change from the embryo state of any living thing into the perfection of its completed nature. And, in these transformations, we are dealing with a visible, measurable, sense manifested growth of a body.

By what standard can we measure the immaterial change from the unthinking baby into an Aristotle or a Mozart? If I have a book containing the thoughts of these men I can weigh the book, I can measure the length of it, I can count the number of words; but I cannot weigh nor measure in yards the genius of the men; nor can I reduce their concepts of beauty and truth to any material scale. We are so accustomed to measure things, to count them, to piece them together that we easily fancy life without a body to be a shadowy kind of life; in fact the old Roman pagan writers spoke of the land of the shades; the shades being the disembodied spirits, wandering about in a mournful land of diaphanous reality. In a book on the *Human Soul*, Dom Vonier puts the true setting thus:

\*P.O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. Nov., 1938.

"At death the wall of flesh, that has hidden the spirit, crumbles away; the soul finds itself forever in the spirit-world, where all is will and intellect, where sunrise is intellectual illumination and sunset the withholding of further knowledge; where cold and heat are fixities of purpose and will-activities. And here we must remember first of all how this new condition of things is practically independent of the intellectual evolution of the existence in the body, I mean intellectual evolution in opposition to volitive evolution. The souls that left the growing body, before the child could distinguish its right hand from the left, form a vast nation. There was no intellectual development in their mortal days. Yet those souls are no thinner or smaller than the soul of the man who found out the laws of universal gravitation. In the state of separation, both 'big and small,' are equally exposed to the penetrating rays of the spirit-world."

There is a vast difference between the state of the young duck in the egg and the same young duck paddling on the surface of the water. Yet the moment the duck finds itself freed from the narrow space of the eggshell it takes naturally to the water; it is not "bewildered" there; it is at home and moves about freely and pleasurably. So the spirit, at death, entering the spirit-world moves in the spirit plane, thinks in the spirit plane, and, unless it has killed this power within itself by malice

of sin, loves with all the pure intensity of spirit love. We say unless it has killed the power, for perseverance in sin to the end of life will change the power of love into its contrary, the power of hatred.

"Where, then, are the dead?" They are in spirit-land, where the supreme happiness of beauty has replaced the utility struggle of earth, where the light of truth has replaced the groping of reason for fragments of it. We need bread on earth, and we need money to buy it; the majority are so absorbed in this idea that their vision never practically extends to the horizon of beauty. For beauty, in itself, has no utility value here below. Make all your furniture without grace of line and form, it will still serve all useful purposes for which furniture is designed. Give up trimming your gardens because beauty will vanish but utility may remain.

"Chopin," writes Dr. Castiello, "preferred to go hungry, risking his poor health, rather than spend the little energy he had in lucrative work. Beethoven renounced marriage in order to consecrate himself to his music. His is the admirable saying that the creative artist 'must hew out of himself.' As for his life, it was one of poverty and intense solitude, of great moral anguish and tremendous, racking mental effort, all for the sake of that perfectly unpragmatic thing: beauty. The nature of instinct is to take; that of art to give. The work of art is a gift, made for the



sake of the gift, because it is beautiful and worthy of existence. Action that creates beauty has nothing in common with barter. It is a communication, an endowing, a free, disinterested giving." Such, at any rate, is the gift of Beauty which fills the spirit in the transformed world where the spirit finds itself, after death.

"Where are the dead?" They are there where the light of the Infinite shines; where no shadows are cast. They are there where He went, Who for a while brightened the earth with a new light from Heaven, assuring us that "He ascended to His Father and to their Father" to prepare a place for us.



### *The Mass in Chinese*

Even before the outbreak of the persecution in China in 1617, the Jesuits had considered how, in the event of the Europeans being banished, the Chinese missions could be maintained. They came to the conclusion that it could only be done if they looked for candidates for the priesthood in the ranks of the educated Chinese and thus prepared the ground for the formation of a native clergy. To realize this plan the substitution of Chinese for Latin as the language of the liturgy seemed to them imperative. It was a bold idea; for all that, the concession of so extraordinary a dispensation did not appear altogether out of the question when it was remembered that in order to bring about the conversion of the Slavs, the Popes had granted to them the privilege of using their own language in the liturgy.

By a decree of June 27, 1615, Paul V gave permission for the translation of the Bible and the use of Chinese in the Breviary, at Mass, and in the administration of the Sacraments. The Pope stipulated, however, that the language adopted should not be the ordinary speech of the people but the language of the learned classes, which was less liable to change; and, though only the cultivated classes were fully acquainted with it, the masses would, nevertheless, be able to understand the ordinary prayers in it. To this day it has not been possible to throw adequate light on the circumstances which prevented the carrying into effect of these concessions.

*Orate Fratres* (30 Oct. '38)



# From Union Square to Rome

By DOROTHY DAY

Condensed from the book\*

**It is difficult** for me to dip back into the past, yet it is a job that must be done, and it hangs over my head like a cloud.

I write in the very beginning of finding the Bible and the impression it made on me. I must have read it a good deal, for many passages remained with me through my earlier years to return and haunt me. Do you know the Psalms? They were what I read most when I was in jail in Occoquan. I read with a sense of coming back to something that I had lost.

All through those weary first days in jail (when I was in solitary confinement), the only thoughts that brought comfort to my soul were those lines in the Psalms that expressed the terror and misery of man suddenly stricken and abandoned.

The *Imitation of Christ* is a book that followed me through my days. Again and again I came across copies of it and the reading of it brought me comfort. I felt in the background of my life a waiting force that would lift me up eventually.

I later became acquainted with the poem of Francis Thompson, *The Hound of Heaven*, and was moved by its power. Eugene O'Neill recited it first to me in the back room of a saloon

on Sixth Avenue where the Provincetown players and playwrights used to gather after the performances.

But always the glimpses of God came most when I was alone. Objectors cannot say that it was fear of loneliness and solitude and pain that made me turn to Him. It was in those few years when I was alone and most happy that I found Him. I found Him at last through joy and thanksgiving, not through sorrow.

Yet how can I say that either? Better let it be said that I found Him through His poor, and in a moment of joy I turned to Him. I have said, sometimes flippantly, that the mass of bourgeois smug Christians who denied Christ in His poor made me turn to Communism, and that it was the Communists and working with them that made me turn to God.

I know now that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor, no matter what you say about the wealth of her priests and bishops. I have mentioned in these pages the few Catholics I met before my conversion, but daily I saw people coming from Mass. Never did I set foot in a Catholic church but that I saw people there at home with Him. First Fridays, novenas, and missions brought the masses thronging in

and out of the Catholic churches. They were of all nationalities, of all classes, but most of all they were the poor. The very attacks made against the Church proved her divinity to me. Nothing but a divine institution could have survived the betrayal of Judas, the denial of Peter, the sins of many of those who professed her faith, who were supposed to minister to her poor.

"All my life I have been tormented by God," a character in one of Dostoyefsky's books says. And that is the way it was with me.

In our family the name of God was never mentioned. Mother and father never went to church, none of us children had been baptized, and to speak of the soul was to speak immodestly, uncovering what might better remain hidden.

It was in Chicago, where we moved to afterward, that I met my first Catholic. I found a glimpse of supernatural beauty in Mrs. Barrett, mother of Kathryn and six other little Barretts, who lived upstairs.

It was Mrs. Barrett who gave me my first impulse toward Catholicism. It was around ten o'clock in the morning that I went up to Kathryn's to call for her to come out and play. There was no one on the porch or in the kitchen. The breakfast dishes had all been washed. They were long railroad apartments, those flats, and thinking the children must be in the front room, I burst in and ran through the bedrooms.

In the front bedroom Mrs. Barrett was on her knees, saying her prayers. She turned to tell me that Kathryn and the children had all gone to the store and went on with her praying. And I felt a warm burst of love toward Mrs. Barrett that I have never forgotten, a feeling of gratitude and happiness that still warms my heart when I remember her. She had God, and there was beauty and joy in her life.

When I was 12 years old an Episcopalian minister, canvassing the neighborhood for his parishioners, came to the house and, discovering that my mother had been brought up in that church, persuaded her to send me to the confirmation class that was being started. I had not yet been baptized so, as I learned the catechism, I was preparing at the same time for confirmation. I cannot remember being particularly affected by these formalities.

I left the Episcopalian church quite definitely. Mother had taken up Christian Science to help herself, perhaps; and, because I was suffering from bad headaches at the time, she had treatments for me too. There was a practitioner living across the street and I read *Science and Health* and some of the pamphlets and this new revelation seemed as convincing to me as the dogmas of the Episcopalian church.

The pastor of the church where I had been baptized two years before came to struggle for my soul and remained talking to me all one afternoon,

but I was obdurate in my refusal to return to church. I was in a "free" mood and my reading at the time made me skeptical. My belief in God remained firm and I continued to read the *New Testament* regularly, but I felt it was no longer necessary to go to church. I distrusted all churches after reading the books of London and Sinclair. So from that time on I ceased going, much to the relief of my sister who complained when I dragged her unwillingly to services.

I was 16 when I graduated from high school and went to the University of Illinois.

A professor whom I much admired made a statement in class—I shall always remember it—that religion was something which had brought great comfort to people throughout the ages, so that we ought not to criticize it. I do not remember his exact words, but from the way he spoke of religion the class could infer that the strong were the ones who did not need such props. In my youthful arrogance, in my feeling that I was one of the strong, I felt then for the first time that religion was something that I must ruthlessly cut out of my life.

So I felt at the time that religion would only impede my work. I wanted to have nothing to do with the religion of those whom I saw all about me. I felt that I must turn from it as from a drug. I felt it indeed to be an opiate of the people, so I hardened my

heart to it more than ever before.

Before two years were up, I was out of work and money. To gain more time to read and write, I took a room in the home of a poverty-stricken instructor who had five children. I did not eat with them—they had scarcely enough for themselves—but I earned my room by doing the family washing on Saturdays. Many a time I scrubbed the skin off my knuckles laundering the baby clothes, and my back ached for days from the Saturday toil over the washtub and ironing board. I earned my room but to get money for my board it was necessary to take at least a two-hour job a day that would bring me 40c. Forty cents a day would do me for food if I bought it myself and cooked over a one-burner oil stove. But my critical attitude towards the "Y," which controlled the employment bureau, and my godless spirit kept me from getting many jobs. Besides, I got immersed in writing and let days go by without working so that I went hungry.

I had joined a little club for writers and the first story I turned in was on the experience of going hungry. It was not a bid for pity. I had taken a grim satisfaction at being made to pay the penalty for my own non-conformity, and I wrote with a great relish of three days without other food than salted peanuts.

I was 17, and I felt completely alone in the world, divorced from family,

from all security, even from God. I felt a sense of reckless arrogance and with this recklessness, I felt a sense of danger and rejoiced in it. It was good to live dangerously.

Religion, as it was practiced by those I encountered, had no vitality. It had nothing to do with everyday life; it was a matter of Sunday praying. Christ no longer walked the streets of this world. He was 2,000 years dead and new prophets had risen in His place.

In June, 1916, I left the University of Illinois for good. I had been there for two years and to this day I haven't the slightest idea what I learned in classes. All my education had come from outside.

The family moved back to New York and I found a job that autumn on the *New York Call*, the Socialist paper. I left home to take a room down on the East Side. In a few months I would be 18.

For weeks I was oppressed by the misery of human existence. The people I saw in subways, in crowded eating places, walking the streets, sitting on park benches, or looking for work, all seemed miserable and hopeless. The city was unbearably hot and airless.

The apartment where I found a room was on the fourth floor, front. There were three rooms to the apartment, only the front room with windows on the street.

When the apartments were cold they smelled dank. There was a peculiar

odor of burned grease and of dirty clothes. And of course there were bed-bugs. I complained quite a few times until I realized what a hopeless struggle it was.

*The Call* was a morning paper, so I never got to my room until two or three in the morning. My salary in the beginning was \$5 a week. Within a few months it was raised to \$10. My rent was only \$5 a month, and I cooked breakfast in my room. Some of the reporters from other papers with whom I was covering assignments used to treat me to dinner, and Mrs. Gottlieb left a plate of soup or fish for me at midnight so that I fared very well.

I have since learned that the poverty of the East Side is comparatively well-fed poverty. There are always the pushcart markets with all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Mussels were the cheapest of the sea foods, and you could buy a leg of chicken and cook up a pot of soup.

I enjoyed that winter in the slums. If one must dwell in cities I prefer the slums of the poor to the slums of the rich. A tenement is a tenement whether it is on lower Park Avenue or upper.

Our function as journalists seemed to be to build up a tremendous indictment against the present system, a daily tale of horror which would have the cumulative effect of forcing the workers to rise in revolution.

On March 21, 1917, at Madison Square Garden, I lived with the others

## To be continued

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The Catholic Digest, St. Paul, Minn.

those first days of revolt in Russia and felt the exultation of the masses as they sang *Ei Uchnjem*, the workman's hymn of Russia.

In the fall I went down to Washington with the League for the Defense of Political Prisoners to picket the White House, which had been besieged by suffragists for some months.

We all met at headquarters and started out our slow march in front of the gates of the White House. Usually the police gathered up the pickets as fast as they appeared, but on these days that we picketed, there were small riots and on the first day some of the U. S. Marines tore our banners from our hands and destroyed them. The banners that we were able to save were loaded into the police wagons with us, and we made a gay sight through the streets of Washington with the placards hanging out of the back of the police truck. The first day we were discharged on bail. After the second picketing the women refused to give bail and were held overnight at the detention house in Washington where army cots had to be set up to hold so large a crowd. The next day all of us were sentenced to 30 days and taken down to the workhouse at Occoquan.

I truly suffered that first week and the reading of the Bible intensified that suffering. I felt that we were a people fallen from grace and abandoned by God. I felt that we were indeed children of wrath and that a personal con-

version was necessary before any revolution could be successful. At the same time I felt a sense of shame in turning to God in despair. There was in my heart that insinuation of my college professor that religion was for the weak and those who needed solace and comfort, who could not suffer alone but must turn to God for comfort—to a God whom they themselves conjured up to protect them against fear and solitude.

Then suddenly a succession of incidents and the tragic aspect of life in general began to overwhelm me and I could no longer endure the life I was leading. Some friends of my family were nurses and it was war time and though I was still bitterly pacifist, I decided that nursing the sick was not contrary to my beliefs by any means. So many nurses had joined the Red Cross and had gone abroad that there was a great need for nurses at home. By Jan. 1, 1918, I had signed up as a probationer in Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn.

Before the year was up I took to writing again in brief hours in the early morning and in the evening. Then I became restless and began rushing over to New York on my half days off looking for intellectual stimulus. After all, I felt that nursing was not my vocation and that my real work was writing and propaganda.

The years from 1919 to 1921 were given to writing, newspaper work, at-

tendance at meetings, jobs of various kinds in both New York and Chicago. It was about this time that I had my second jail experience.

One of the girls I met had grown up in reformatories and had been a companion of criminals. She had been a pickpocket and shoplifter and had served many terms in jail. At one time in her life she had taken drugs, but she had cured herself of that habit. She was, at this time, unhappily in love with a newspaper man.

One day I opened the paper to find she had taken bichloride of mercury and was in the city hospital. They managed to save her life but when she was released from the hospital she went straight to the I. W. W. lodging house where she knew she would be taken in. I went over to see her in the evening to bring her food and planned to stay the night with her. She was still ill and very much depressed and not altogether happy that they had dragged her back from death.

We were undressed and getting into bed when a knock came at the door and four men burst in telling us that we were under arrest for being inmates of a disorderly house. Being arrested on the streets of Washington and being arrested when one was lying in bed in a Chicago West Side rooming house are two entirely different things. I had the moral support in the first case of 60 or 70 women who were arrested with me, and it was some technical

charge such as obstructing traffic that was made against us. Now we were alone.

We were thrown into a large cell that had six beds in it, one of which had been turned upside down by a drunken woman prisoner who had been there before us.

I felt at first a peculiar sense of disgust and shame at the position I was in, shame because I had been treated as a criminal and made to feel exactly as though I were guilty of the charge on which I had been arrested. But it was only what I could expect under the present social system, and I thought of Deb's words: "While there is a lower class, I am of it, and while there is a criminal element, I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

We were photographed and fingerprinted and finally taken to the morals court. Before we were placed in the detention pen we were examined for venereal diseases. When men are arrested during a red raid the police can express their brutality with rubber hoses and blackjacks. They can show their scorn and contempt for those who are trying to "undermine" our present system by kicking and beating them until their victims are a degraded mass of quivering flesh. They show more gallantry in regard to the women. They have a more subtle way of affronting their sensibilities. They can charge them with being prostitutes, make them submit to degrading physical ex-

aminations, and throw them into the company of those whom they feel should degrade them. But I felt more horror of the police and that police matron during this experience than I did of the women. The women did not disgust me, it was their profession that disgusted me. They themselves may have been superior, as human beings go, to their captors. There was no pride or hypocrisy among them.

Finally word came to us that we were released, and the prison matron returned our clothes and we went out in the streets free once more. We felt that ages had elapsed since our arrest a few nights before.

My sister was staying with me at that time in Chicago and in mid-winter we decided for personal reasons to go down to New Orleans and work there for the winter. We lived on St. Peter Street across from the Cathedral. I found work on a morning newspaper, *The Item*, and that winter I was occupied in straight newspaper work, writing interviews and feature stories. Many evenings I had assignments, but when there were none, and I heard the Cathedral bells ringing for evening devotions, I used to go to church. It was the first time I had been present at Benediction and it made a profound impression on me. The very physical attitude of devotion of those about me made me bow my head. But did I feel the Presence there? I do not know.

I wanted to know what the Benedic-

tion hymns were and I bought a little manual of prayers at a religious goods store down the street. I learned a great deal from that little book. I did not know a single Catholic in New Orleans. If any of my associates were nominally Catholic, they did not let me know of it. There was no one for me to talk to. But my devotion was sincere and I continued to make "visits."

Another girl, who is now secretary of the Communist affiliate, the League for Spanish Democracy in Chicago, was living with my sister and me. That Christmas she good-heartedly gave me a rosary for a present and I learned to say it at the evening services in the Cathedral. She was a Russian Jew and did not understand my interest in Catholicism. She just wanted to give me something she thought I'd like. I have not seen this friend since that winter but I shall always remember her with gratitude and love.

During one of these crowded years I wrote a book, a very bad book, which one of the motion picture companies bought on publication. They paid, to them a very small sum, which to me was the very large sum of \$5,000—\$2,000 of which went to my publishers.

My reaction was that of many other radicals—now I could at last have a home of my own and a quiet spot off in the country where there would be time for study and writing and a small measure of security necessary for that work. So I bought a small bungalow

with a plot of ground 20 by 80 feet on Raritan Bay on Staten Island.

When I was a child, my sister and I used to keep notebooks in the publishers' dummies we occasionally got hold of. Recording happiness made it last longer, we felt, and recording sorrow dramatized it and took away its bitterness; and often we settled some problem which beset us even while we wrote about it.

I quote from those notebooks that I filled so copiously, especially during the long first winters of the few years I spent in the country:

I was thinking the other day of how inadequately we pray. Often in saying the Our Father, I find myself saying by rote the first four lines and throwing my heart into the last, asking for bread and grace and forgiveness. This selfishness humiliates me so that I go back to the beginning again in order to give thanks. "Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come." Often I say no other prayer.

I am surprised that I am beginning to pray daily. I began because I had to. I just found myself praying. I can't get down on my knees, but I can pray while I am walking. If I get down on my knees I think, "Do I really believe? Whom am I praying to?" And a terrible doubt comes over me, and a sense of shame, and I wonder if I am praying because I am lonely, because I am unhappy.

But when I am walking up to the

village for the mail, I find myself praying again, holding the rosary in my pocket that Mary Gordon gave me in New Orleans two years ago. Maybe I don't say it right but I keep saying it because it makes me happy.

Then I think suddenly, scornfully, "Here you are in a stupor of content. You are biological. Like a cow. Prayer with you is like the opiate of the people." And over and over again in my mind that phrase is repeated jeeringly, "Religion is the opiate of the people."

"But," I reason with myself, "I am praying because I am happy, not because I am unhappy. I did not turn to God in unhappiness, in grief, in despair, or to get something from Him."

And encouraged that I am praying because I want to thank Him, I go on praying. No matter how dull the day, how long the walk seems, if I feel low at the beginning of the walk, the words I have been saying have insinuated themselves into my heart before I have done, so that on the trip back I neither pray nor think but am filled with exultation.

Along the beach I find it appropriate to say the *Te Deum* which I learned in the Episcopalian church. When I am working about the house, I find myself addressing the Blessed Virgin and turning toward her statue which I recently acquired.

It is so hard to say how this delight



in prayer has been growing on me. Two years ago, I was saying as I planted seeds in the garden, "I *must* believe in these seeds, that they fall into the earth and grow into flowers and radishes and beans. It is a miracle to me because I do not understand it. Neither do naturalists understand it. The very fact that they use glib technical phrases does not make it any less a miracle, and a miracle we all accept. Then why not accept God's miracles?"

My child was born in March at the end of a harsh winter. In December I had to come in from the country and take a little apartment in town. It was good to be there, close to friends, close to a church where I could stop and pray. I read the *Imitation of Christ* a great deal. I knew that I was going to have my child baptized a Catholic, cost what it may. I knew that I was not going to have her floundering through many years as I had done, doubting and hesitating, undisciplined and amoral. I felt it was the greatest thing I could do for a child. For myself, I prayed for the gift of faith. I was sure, yet not sure. I postponed the day of decision.

A woman does not want to be alone at such a time. Even the most hardened, the most irreverent, is awed by the stupendous fact of creation. No matter how cynically or casually the worldly may treat the birth of a child, it remains spiritually and physically a

tremendous event. God pity the woman who does not feel the fear, the awe, and the joy of bringing a child into the world.

Becoming a Catholic would mean facing life alone, and I clung to family life. It was hard to contemplate giving up a mate in order that my child and I could become members of the Church. Fred would have nothing to do with religion or with me if I embraced it. So I waited.

And then the little one was born, and with her birth spring came.

There was a Catholic girl in the bed next to me in the ward. She was a young Italian, not more than 22, and she had just had her third child. She had a very serious heart condition which led every physician who examined her to declare that she should not have children, that death was certain if she did. But she had had three, and, day by day, doctors gathered around her bed to examine her and exclaim over the novelty of her heart disease and expostulate with her for bringing children into the world. Several times they stood there giving her information on birth control and she listened with her eyes cast down, not answering them. They assumed she was stupid and repeated in the simplest phrases their directions, speaking in phrases suitable to foreigners who could not understand English. Then when they looked on her chart and saw she was a Catholic they expressed their im-

patience and went away at once.

"I just don't pay any attention," she told me. "God will take care of me. We live on the first floor and I never walk up and down stairs, and my mother-in-law helps me all the time, so I'm all right."

Due to an attack of gripe after I left the hospital, Teresa's baptism was postponed for a time. Not being a Catholic myself, and not having been baptized myself until I was 12, I didn't know the anxiety of Catholic mothers, who almost feel that the baby has not yet been born until it has been baptized.

Then one afternoon as I wheeled her in her little carriage along the road which led down to St. Joseph's Home, a former estate of Charles Schwab, which had been given to the Sisters of Charity, I met a Sister who was on her way to visit a neighbor of mine. I was emboldened by a sense of compulsion to speak to the Sister who was hurrying by me, to ask her how to go about having a baby baptized.

She was very matter-of-fact. She seemed to take things for granted, and was not surprised that a mother of a new baby would stop her in this casual fashion and ask her so stupendous a question. Of course, a mother, no matter how heathen she might be, would want her baby to be sure of eternal life! She knew of me by reputation—indeed all the neighborhood knew that we and our friends were either Communist or

Anarchist in sympathies. But those same dear Catholic neighbors who heard sermons excoriating "the fiendish and foul machinations of the Communists" (I have heard just such expressions used), were kindly people who came to use our telephone and bring us a pie now and then, who played with us on the beach and offered us lifts to the village in their cars. Sister Aloysia, too, had no fear, only a neighborly interest in us all. Perhaps she had been praying for us these past two years as she swept past down the lane on a visit to some of the Catholics at the end of the road.

And as for practical details, we would just go ahead as though it were very simple. Did I have any Catholic relatives?

Yes, there was cousin Grace. She was married and she and her husband could be reached, though I had not seen them nor any relatives for years.

All right then, she herself, Sister Aloysia, would get in touch with the parish priest in Tottenville, a young man who was very obliging. He had been coming down to offer up Mass at the Home and she could see him after breakfast the next morning.

Somehow or other, with the irregularities of her parents not being Catholic, Teresa's baptism did not take place until late June.

But Sister Aloysia did not neglect me in her anxiety for the baby. "You must be a Catholic yourself," she kept

telling me. She had no reticences. She speculated rather volubly at times on the various reasons why she thought I was holding back. She brought me pious literature to read, saccharine stories of the saints, emasculated lives of saints young and old, back numbers of pious magazines.

William James, agnostic as he was, was more help. He introduced me to St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross. And I already had St. Augustine and the *Imitation* and the Bible from which I derived strength and comfort.

Three times a week Sister Aloysia came to give me a catechism lesson which I dutifully tried to learn. But she insisted that I recite word for word, with the repetition of the question that was in the book. If I had not learned my lesson she rebuked me. "And you think you are intelligent!" she would say witheringly. "What is the definition of grace,—actual grace and sanctifying grace? My fourth-grade pupils know more than you do."

Finally the great day arrived when Teresa was baptized and became a member of the mystical Body of Christ. I didn't know anything of the mystical Body or I might have felt disturbed at being separated from her.

I had become convinced that I would become a Catholic, and yet I felt I was betraying the class to which I belonged, the workers, the poor of the world, the class which Christ most loved and spent

most of His time on earth with.

During the month of August many of my friends, including my sister, went to Boston to picket in protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, which was drawing near. The day they died, the papers had headlines as large as those which proclaimed the outbreak of war.

Teresa's father was stricken over the tragedy. He had always been more an Anarchist than anything else in his philosophy. He did not eat for days. He sat around the house in a stupor of misery, sickened by the cruelty of life and of men. Only the baby interested him. She was his delight. Which made it, of course, the harder to contemplate the cruel blow I was going to strike him when I became a Catholic.

These pages are hard to write. The struggle was too personal. It was exceedingly difficult. The year passed and it was not until the following winter that the tension reached the breaking point. My health was bad, but a thorough examination at the Cornell clinic showed only nervous strain.

Finally with precipitation, with doubts on my part at my own unseemly haste, I made the resolution to bring an end to my hesitation and be baptized.

It was in December, 1927, a most miserable day, and the trip was long from the city down to Tottenville, Staten Island. All the way on the ferry through the foggy bay I felt grimly

that I was being too precipitate. I had no sense of peace, no joy, no conviction even that what I was doing was right. It was just something that I had to do, a task to be gotten through. I doubted myself when I allowed myself to think. I hated myself for being weak and vacillating. A most consuming restlessness was upon me so that I walked around and around the deck of the ferry, almost groaning in anguish of spirit. Perhaps the devil was on the boat.

Sister Aloysia was there waiting for me, to be my godmother. I do not know whether I had any other godparent. Father Hyland, gently, with reserve, with matter-of-factness, heard my confession and baptized me. I was a Catholic at last.

A year later my confirmation was indeed joyful and Pentecost never passes without a renewed sense of happiness and thanksgiving. It was only then that the feeling of uncertainty finally left me, never again to return, praise God!

You ask me how I came to reject Communism. First of all, let this be understood, that I was a Communist in sympathy but with reservations scarcely formulated.

The three fundamentals of Communist belief are: 1. There is no other world than this; our last end is death and the grave, not God. 2. The ideal state is a Communist state in which there is no individual ownership but

communal ownership. 3. Since there is no other way of achieving this except by violent means, then we must use those violent means. It is a cause worth dying for.

Of course, this analysis is oversimplified, but it will serve to show how easy it is for idealist young people, brought up without religion, to accept Communism.

I grieved at what I thought to be the necessity of subscribing to the first belief that our lives ended at the grave, but I thought it braver to accept it. I wholeheartedly subscribed to the other two fundamentals of Communism.

Here is my attitude towards Communism now, after these many years. First of all, I consider it a heresy, a false doctrine but, as St. Augustine says, there is no false doctrine that does not contain elements of truth. I believe it is the failure of Christians which has brought about this heresy and that we will have to give an account for it.

We believe that all men are members or potential members of the mystical Body of Christ. You ask do we really believe it, when we see our fellows herded like brutes in municipal lodging houses, tramping the streets and roads hungry, working at starvation wages or under an inhuman speed-up, living in filthy conditions. Seeing many Christians denying Him, hating Him in the poor, is it any wonder a heresy has sprung up denying Him in word and deed?

I will not deny that often the Communist more truly loves his brother, the poor and oppressed, than many so-called Christians. But, when in word and deed the Communist incites brother to kill brother, one class to hate and destroy other classes, then I cannot feel that his love is true. He is loving his friend, but not his enemy, who is also his brother. There is no brotherhood of man there, and there *can* be none without the Fatherhood of God.

Communism is a good word, a Christian word originally, but to expect to achieve a state of society in which all is held in common, where the state will "wither away" through state socialism, maintained through a dictatorship of the proletariat, this is impossible for a reasonable person to believe.

It is only through religion that Communism can be achieved, and *has* been achieved over and over again.



### Distinction

Two lads worked together in the same factory, one a Jocist and the other a Communist in entirely good faith. They were close comrades and since their ideals appeared to be on so much the same lines for the betterment of their fellows, the young Communist could not understand where the distinction lay.

"Well, the difference is just this," said the other with a spice of malice in reply to this question. "The Communist says, 'All that is yours is mine,' and the Jocist says, 'All that is mine is yours'."

*The Franciscan* (Dec. '38)



### Splitting

"I know nothing more beautiful than the *Appassionata*," Lenin said to Gorky of Beethoven. "I could hear it every day. It is marvelous, unearthly music. Every time I hear these notes, I think with pride and perhaps childlike naiveté that it is wonderful what man can accomplish. But I cannot listen to music often, it affects my nerves. I want to say amiable stupidities and stroke the heads of the people who can create such beauty in a filthy hell. But today is not the time to stroke people's heads; today hands descend to split skulls open, split them open ruthlessly, although opposition to all violence is our ultimate ideal—it is a hellishly hard task."

From *Lenin* by Christopher Hollis (The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1938)



# My Complex-Conditioned Children

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

In the name of psychology. Amen

Condensed from the *Daily Mail*\*

I was probably the first modern parent to have my children taught the mysteries of life, death, and the Four Last Things not by theologians, in the obsolete manner, but exclusively by the smartest best-selling novelists. The result is that my children are completely frank and fearless.

The frankest and most fearless is Aubrey. The foolish "hush-hush"-ness of an earlier generation would have answered Aubrey's dawning sex-curiosity with vague but refined chat about Egypt or the Versailles Treaty. Such is *not* the modern way. The first time Aubrey came to me with a spot on his nose I told him it was time to learn about sex.

"What is Sex?" asked Aubrey.

"Properly handled," I answered in a mellow voice, "a little gold-mine, boy." And I told him what a stark, fearless, beautiful thing sex is and how many leading novelists have made pots of money out of it, whether by exploiting their own affairs or other people's.

I explained the necessity of frankness, and just where (unless you can publish in Paris) you have to stop, and why you can go only so far in countries possessing the remains of a puritan culture, and why some publishers, apparently mousey, delight in a good sexy

brawl in print. A series of addresses by Mr. W. G. Hells, the celebrated novelist, in due course made Aubrey so frank he would stop strangers and twit them about their "sex consciousness."

One stranger turned out to be an Australian who, of course, had no sex-life, which left the child looking pretty foolish, with great tears welling into his candid brown eyes. He then told me he would rather learn about extinguishing fires, with the result that he is now one of the most popular amateur firemen and sex authorities in the country.

Then, there is Wilfred, who knows little or nothing about sex (he thinks it is just the plural of "seck"), but everything about the Human Soul, its nature, form, essence, quiddity, and future. I had him taught this by Gladys de B. Heaving, the fearless author of *Symphonie Erotique*.

And there is little Hugh (a pupil of Roland Garbage), whose outlook has become so daring the child is disliked right and left. I took Hugh recently to a new play in which two of the characters were a South American gigolo and a rather noble-hearted nonconformist. He said to me after the second act, with a yawn, "Ho, hum. What

\*London, England.



about a nonconformist gigolo for a change?"

I was pleased to find the child thinking so daringly. Many people may consider it wrong to allude to nonconformists in that manner and will condemn me for not teaching my child the truth that wickedness is Italian or South American, anyway, southern. I hold that in these days every normal, healthy child begins soon or late to have ideas about nonconformists and should be allowed to express them, come what may. Better recklessness than the old festering conspiracy of silence.

The other children, Gawain, "Porker," Fortinbras, Gay-Lussac (so named after the great scientist, for some reason I do not remember), and one or two more have all been taught in this fearless way. Pallington is under the

guidance of Miss Swoon, a Serious Novelist engaged to teach him How to Express multiple Personality in terms of Sex. During the first lesson Pallington came to me and said shyly: "Papa, dismiss that spavined crone. She bubbles at me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I said.

"Very well," said the child gritting his teeth. "I shall go Barrie." And with a whimsical laugh he ran away on tiptoe and peeked at me from behind a clump of bluebells, shaking a roguish finger and calling me Mr. Dickery Deedles. It was the most whimsy thing that has happened for years, and too, too terrible.

Since then the child has stayed in hiding, pretending he is a fairy named Mr. J. J. Rowbotham. I consider him, temporarily, a blot on my plans.



### Adult Education

When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have him around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.

Mark Twain



### Red or Black?

In West Virginia a member of a Presbyterian church informed one of his communicants that the choir was planning to begin wearing the "surplus" and "investments" but that they were undecided whether the "investments" should be red or black. To this the churchwoman replied without hesitation that as most investments were in the red today she thought that color would be appropriate. The suggestion was evidently adopted, as the choir appeared a few Sundays later in "surplus" and maroon "investments."

From *The Living Church*

# Twenty-Five Years in Picardy

By M L'ABBÉ GREVIN

Class-Reunion speech

Translated and condensed from *La Messager de N. D. de Brebières*\*

**We priests** who are celebrating our Silver Jubilee, were born under the sign of persecution. It was already evident in fact and could also be seen in the aggressive mentality of some or the apprehensiveness of others. Throughout the countryside, where we had been used to the crucifix in the communal school, people were asking, "Will they take it away?" The girls' school, communal also, was conducted by a nun, and people said, "Will they take her away?"

That is exactly what did take place; we have seen a complete change in the aspect of France. Those who have only known it as it is can hardly imagine it as it was. At the beginning of our half-century, in 1890, our diocese (Amiens) had 904 secular priests. Religious, men and women, of 20 orders conducted over 350 establishments of charity and education, with 275 schools.

Presbyteries, schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages, workrooms, and asylums made the ecclesiastical and religious habit familiar, evoked the affectionate gratitude of generations, and gave to our towns and villages a serious Christian atmosphere. Then came the great execution. In 1902 the religious were expelled, and, in 1906, we saw the separation of Church and state. Canon

Cavët at St. Riquies had to yield to force, and from the adjacent Grand Seminary the body of Canon Fréchon, who died of grief, was taken to the grave on the day when we seminarians were driven away. The march of laicization crushed without mercy; at the same time every seminary in the 90 dioceses of France was emptied. In such hatred many souls were ruined.

The Church is an everlasting recommencer. The seminaries were reopened in other buildings, and, in 1913, we were sent out to fight for God. On our first anniversary came the beginning of a long and tragic war from which the clergy emerged ennobled and better known. The persecuted priesthood was called to the defense of the fatherland. The people came to appreciate the priest-soldier or chaplain. Then we came back again to repair the material and spiritual ruin, to snatch from the prince of this world with his leagues, his sects, his anti-Christian laws, and his lively hatred the souls for whom our Saviour shed His blood. We are met today to thank the Virgin of Brebières (our Lady of Albert) for 25 years of happiness and pain. Queen of Picardy, Queen of France, Queen of the World, help us to live and to revive the life of Christ in souls!

\* Albert, France. Nov., 1938.

# We Have a Baby

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Condensed from *The Magnificat*\*

Distinction between happiness and fun

When we announced that we were going to have a baby, we were amazed at the gloomy reaction of our friends.

"That's fine," they said, without enthusiasm. "Glad to hear the good news."

The matter-of-fact tone, heavily tinged with sympathy, puzzled us. We could think only of the solemn formulae invariably used at Irish wakes when greeting a member of the family of the deceased: "I'm so sorry for your trouble."

For some mysterious reason our friends actually did feel sorry for us. This disturbed us for some time because there was not the slightest reason for sighs and lamentations. We were healthy. I was employed. Eleanor had resigned her position as a teacher before our marriage because of our old-fashioned notion that, whenever possible, a woman's place is in the home. We both wanted children. We had a modest savings account. While my income from teaching and journalism was not large, no real financial sacrifice was required of us. We certainly had enough money to pay the medical and hospital bills, to buy a crib, a scale, a carriage, a few toys (my own idea), and to make a first payment on a new

insurance policy for added protection.

Our landlord's lugubrious attitude, we subsequently discovered, was perfectly logical. The advent of a baby meant an inevitable vacancy in apartment 4-A.

Practically all our friends, even those who were in no way biased because of business reasons, were of the unanimous opinion that having a baby was equivalent to a life term of imprisonment at hard labor. Youth, they insisted, was such a priceless, fleeting gift that it should be treasured and enjoyed to the utmost.

A baby was, of course, a denial of all the privileges of youth. A baby meant constant care, weighty responsibilities, solitude, the involuntary surrender of most of the pleasant things in life. It meant ingratitude, anxiety, heartache. Hence, while our friends had greeted announcement of our wedding with shouts of joy and immediately began planning a series of parties, they were far from enthusiastic about the advent of our first child. We had taken the irrevocable step that, almost overnight, would turn us into a pair of narrow-minded, eccentric, middle-aged drudges who talked about nothing more exciting than the current cost of Pabulum and the best remedy

\*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. Nov., 1938.

for the distress caused by prickly heat.

We were not much impressed by the pessimism of our friends. Neither of us had exactly lived a hermit's existence. We had reached that stage of maturity, in fact, when we no longer considered a movie, a play, or a dance every week as indispensable to our happiness.

Deep down in our hearts we felt that a baby was not only one of the noblest acts of gratitude to God but the most valuable contribution to society we could possibly make. A baby is not merely a hostage to Fortune; all things considered, a baby is the surest guarantee of the perpetuation of Christianity in the modern world.

Should the baby be a boy, it was to be named John Daniel—in honor of his grandfathers. Should it be a girl—well, we had six or seven possible one-syllable names that might be used in an emergency.

The doctor came to me in a waiting room of the hospital where I had been smoking innumerable cigarettes the greater part of the night.

"Congratulations," he said. "A girl. Seven pounds, two ounces. Your wife is resting comfortably. A nurse will bring the baby down shortly."

I hurried back to Eleanor's room and broke the glad news to the new grandmothers. In a little while the three of us were looking down on a tiny, vigorously kicking mite with two gorgeous blue eyes.

"I think she looks like her father," my mother observed.

"The nose is remarkably well developed," Eleanor's mother remarked tactfully.

Later in the day I confirmed the depressing fact that August first was dedicated to St. Peter in Chains—a somewhat bizarre name for a girl.

From the very beginning, baby Clare contradicted nearly everything Eleanor had read in books. Contrary to a well-authenticated tradition extending back in our respective families to King Brian of Ireland, the baby had no appetite. She nodded drowsily at breakfast, yawned continually during lunch, and fell asleep at dinner. She lost weight steadily and eventually reached an all-time low of six pounds, four ounces.

When I took Eleanor home from the hospital, my confidence in the baby's chances of survival was so badly shaken that we decided to have her baptized immediately at our parish church. It was a sad little party. Eleanor's mother cried but Clare didn't—and then my mother cried. The godmother sniffed and the godfather began biting his lip.

During the next week Clare gained a few ounces and some of the tension left us. All standard books on child care asserted that any baby reared strictly on schedule is a well baby. We were determined to observe Clare's schedule to the second. I have a vivid recollection of Eleanor and me staring nervous-

ly at a loud-ticking clock on the mantelpiece as the minute hand crept slowly toward the hour of two—and my frantic efforts to keep Clare awake for that solemn nocturnal bottle, which she never completely finished.

A baby's grip on life is truly remarkable. Suddenly Clare began to assert herself. The formula exactly suited her. She thrived. At the end of four months she had more than doubled her birth weight. A new problem then arose—a problem which is still with us. The doctor said she was hypertonic. This was gravely interpreted to mean that she was extraordinarily active, precocious, and would probably be walking around the apartment on her first birthday. We were instructed to watch her carefully, so she would not eat the paint off her playpen or swallow one of her toys.

Our friends were undoubtedly correct in asserting that a baby and self-sacrifice are synonymous terms. But somehow clothes and amusements do not seem to us so terribly important. A baby implies a home and our apartment has become for us not merely a place to eat and sleep but the center of our existence. During the past six months Eleanor and I have not attended Mass together. When I have a little free time to mind the baby during the day, she does some shopping. My greatest dissipation has been a visit to Radio City.

Should we ever feel a desire to kick

over the traces, we have an excellent antidote in the true life story of Mrs. Brown which came under our personal observation. Twenty years ago Mrs. Brown had seven children and was therefore an object of deep sympathy in the neighborhood. When other women went shopping, they told the store clerks to make delivery at their homes. If no one answered their doorbell, delivery was to be made to Mrs. Brown's house, for she could be counted on to be at home any hour of the day.

Today Mrs. Brown's children are completing their education. The neighbors no longer instruct clerks to make delivery to Mrs. Brown's because she is now one of the most interesting and valued members of their clubs. The neighbors, having weighed the merits of innumerable political candidates and consistently overbid their card hands for two decades, are rather bored with each other and with things in general. In sheer desperation they are investing heavily in all books which claim to share the secrets of how to develop an attractive personality.

Mrs. Brown takes a keen and lively interest in everything. She can draw upon a rich and varied experience. She differs from her envious neighbors in that her principal interest in life is neither politics nor bridge but her children. Mrs. Brown will always be young in spirit.

Yes, children are a 24-hour responsibility. But there are infinite compen-

sations down through the months and years. Clare, now rapidly approaching her first birthday, has six teeth and weighs 21 pounds. She has given us joy in life we never knew before. More than 2,000 years ago, Euripides gave

expression to the great truth that "Children, after all, are the honey of life; and as for those who know them not and doubt of them, their troubles may be less, but their very happiness is their misfortune."



### *Bad for the Circus*

The figures of an American statistician who surveyed the drop in the birth rate for the period 1932-36 are not without humor.

The 1,000,000-baby deficiency will eventually result in a shortage of 230,000 industrial workers, 160,000 farmers, 280,000 wives, 1,300 doctors, 15 ornithologists, two deep-sea divers, and—one lion-tamer.

This drives one gravely to wonder how circuses will get on if this decline should continue—or accelerate.

Francis Davitt in *The Advocate* (22 Sept. '38)



### *Good for the Grocer*

Taking care of the Hurd family, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a big business, but it is none too big for Judge Joy Seth Hurd and his wife. Fact is, they like taking care of their 15 children and they enjoy the amazement people show when told that the Hurds eat 60 to 70 pounds of meat, 35 loaves of bread, 12 dozen eggs, two bushels of potatoes, and 70 quarts of milk a week; that there are always 75 shirts, dozens of dresses and socks and underthings in the family wash every week. The Hurds, good Catholics, like big families and all of them have fun in their modest white frame house far out on Hilliard road, says the *Universe-Bulletin*.

The head of the family, who is judge of common pleas court, likes to look over his 27 years of married life. "We had our difficulties," he says. "Like most young married couples, we started out from scratch. The children came along, and somehow we managed to take care of them. No matter what the sacrifice involved, it was worth it—more than worth it."

*The Register* (4 Dec. '38)



# The Man Without a Country—I

I stand at the door and knock

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from *The Commonwealth*\*

A man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers. He was aided by a stranger and the story of his rescue has written itself so deeply on the heart of the world that I propose it as front-page news. During the past 20 years wave after wave of those who had been beaten, robbed and tortured has swept across the west of Europe. People grew accustomed to them, as one does in war to the sight of wounded men.

Today the terrain to which the refugee can go is fearfully restricted. There are only five countries in continental Europe inside the borders of which he could find safety—countries with a total population not as great as that of Germany from which the majority of exiles come. A year ago there were many more countries. Austria has been swallowed up since then. Czechoslovakia has been decimated. The Balkan states have virtually been cut off from the West. And beyond the seas? Modern transportation may be a kind of miracle, but it might just as well not exist insofar as the majority of refugees are concerned. Few of them have money, passports or permissions to enter. They are trapped human beings, facing hatreds more ferocious than mankind has known for hundreds of years, and

surrounded by an impregnable line of water, steel and hunger.

A man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers. The cup of cold water is a permit of entry into the Kingdom.

There are still multitudes of men and women for whom these words are literally true. But how are they to cope with the problem? I have seen an old French Abbé, with scarce enough to eat himself, begging coins to save an Austrian refugee from starvation. He did not succeed in keeping the poor fellow from committing suicide. But he tried.

At this point the reader must pardon a digression. These days, when our victims are going from bread line to bread line, when our nuns are adrift in thousands, when our priests are embattled and our laymen scorned, an organ of liberal intelligence believes there is nothing more serious at stake than a discussion by amateurs of the "tie-up between fascism and the Catholic Church." I may be patting myself on the back, but I believe I may honestly say that no one in the U. S. has spent more time studying the European Catholic situation from within than I have. Nor will anyone easily assert that I have ever swerved from my democratic

\*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. Dec. 2, 1938.

principles, even when the going was hard. And I wish to declare here and now that I shall cheerfully guarantee to refute, under decent auspices, the easy statements made by any of the gentry who think that assertions like those fostered by the *New Republic* should be irresponsibly scattered to the four winds. Of course there are Catholic fascists. But is it necessary to remind Mr. Seldes that there were German Jews—and not a few of them—who hoped to the last that Hitler's race laws would not prevent them from rallying to the cause? Nor is it necessary to add that the word "fascism" implies something more than the ability to sense that the régime of Stalin is not all sweetness and light, but rather a bloody morass. This current business is something worse than a mere error, however. It is a stupid blow at hundreds of Catholic leaders who have seen the inside of a concentration camp solely and simply because they could not endure the treatment accorded a victimized Jewish minority. And so I will say bluntly, by the shade of Herbert Croly, that these articles are a deplorable manifestation of intellectual illiteracy. And also of moral degradation.

That having been said, I propose the question: Do you know what it means to be a refugee? One has somehow managed to get across the border. In no country, however, is it possible any longer to secure a permit of residence. The police say bluntly that so many

days are granted, and that then one must move on. There is no work anywhere—not even a day's work. Perhaps the refugee is bitter at such treatment, but the police cannot help themselves. Their own countrymen are looking in vain for employment; many are on the dole. The system of economic autarchy set up in Central Europe saps the substance of every smaller people. And so the refugee trudges wearily to the relief agencies, of which there are not a few, all unprepared to meet the demands made on them.

Take a specific instance. A fairly young single man this, a Catholic artist, Nordic as I am myself, deeply aware of the ineradicable conflict between Hitler and Christianity. He thinks there must surely be someone who needs a portrait. But the police chase him from hiding place to hiding place, he is virtually in tatters, and is finally arrested and escorted back to the German border. The police orders do not include seeing to it that he actually reenters Germany. And so they go stiffly away, he turns round, walks all night and finally discovers another refuge. This goes on and on. He acquires a long list of names on which he can rely for a bed, a meal, a pair of shoes. In other words, he has become a tramp. Little by little he comes to wonder why it is that the maxims of Christianity are so little respected. It seems to him that all the comfortable people who go to church

on Sundays could easily, if they wanted to, get him out of his predicament. He does not see, as I have seen, poor miners each giving a week's pay for the sake of their exiled brethren from across the border. He does not understand that a thousand cases such as he mean \$10,000 a week—at the very least—and that the weeks go on and on.

One little country has at least 1,500 such Catholic refugees. Most of them cling desperately to some person who has hardly more than they; for in this little country, too, the strange phenomenon of modern Catholicism is repeated—that those of vast means feel a certain sympathy with Hitler, who has outlawed strikes, and that the support for the refugee comes in the main from the same people who once built St. Patrick's Cathedral. But just try to imagine what that means—1,500 people without anything and without even hope for anything. In addition, 1,500 people the majority of whom have become a trifle neurotic. I met a poor German priest—an excellent man, by the way—who was in tears because he couldn't shine his shoes. He was without money, without work, without a home; but the one thing that now seemed to matter supremely was a bit of blacking.

Let us go to Paris. It may be said to the everlasting honor of French Catholics that they forgot their own troubles long enough to rescue hundreds of families from starvation and

even to polish up the little remnant of German they had retained from school. But what can be done with such a problem? In France one cannot even dare talk aggressively about the refugee situation, lest inner and outer political repercussions follow. And so every morning the relief agencies see long queues of hungry bedraggled men and women line up for the pittance that will keep body and soul together. Not all these people are cultured and agreeable companions. Some are filthy of body and maybe of soul. Little esthetic pleasure is to be derived from working with many of them—indeed, often enough one feels like bringing a chair down on somebody's head. That is one reason why so many rescue organizations last only a little while. I suppose that since 1933 at least 5,000 such organizations have been established. But very few have survived.

I believe that when Catholic America is aware of the truth, it will respond generously. After all, our cases can still be numbered by thousands—though what the future may bring nobody can tell. The bishops of the U. S. have established a Committee for Catholic Refugees, the address of which is 123 Second St., New York City. Though of course I have no right whatever to speak for this committee, I am certain that it will welcome not only the statements made here but also the conclusions which may be drawn from them.

# The Man Without a Country—II

By ANDRÉ DE LILEN LILIENFELD

Translated and condensed from *La Cite Chretienne\**

Castoff of Totalitarianism

**In most instances** of expulsion and emigration, the totalitarian governments have done two things. They have confiscated property and then deprived the refugee of his nationality.

Hospitality has always been considered a sacred duty even among primitive peoples. When a man is outside his normal surroundings and country, he is weak and defenseless. It is fitting, therefore, on the principle of the solidarity of the human race, to aid him.

This fine idea of universalism has gradually been lost among men and nations. A foreigner, unless he brings money into a country, now appears to be a stranger and an undesirable. Anyone who attempts to pass a frontier without the necessary papers is turned back to his native country.

But the turning back of foreigners at the frontier—almost unknown before the World War—necessarily supposes the existence of a fatherland where they will be granted full rights. Herein lies the difficulty; for modern dictatorial regimes have given rise to a group of people who have been arbitrarily shorn of their rights as citizens. These people have become men without a country.

Up until the present there have never been men without a country. Each gov-

ernment had rights and duties in regard to its citizens. One of the duties was to defend them when they were abroad, even in time of war. Even a revolutionist has always had the right to protection from his consul. Since the rise of bolshevism, however, there exist men who are no longer protected by anyone.

Here is the case of a man without a country. The details have been rigorously checked by myself, the Police and the Red Cross. An extract from a letter reads: ". . . after ending as an unemployed, I was driven from my quarters into the street. At that time many slept under the bridges at Paris. One was sheltered from the rain, but not from the cold or the police. Early one morning I was arrested for 'vagrancy,' locked up for three days and then led to the Belgian frontier. Since I preferred the unknown in Belgium to a new stay in French jails, I had to enter, willy-nilly, illegally into Belgium. I walked all day and reached Brussels by evening. I was again arrested and spent the night at the police station. In the morning I was sent to a 'charity settlement' at Merxplas near Antwerp. There I spent seven months at forced labor with many other companions of misfortune. At last I was freed, given

\*22, Rue Josaphat, Bruxelles, Belgium. Nov. 5, 1938.

80 francs (about \$2.65) and a travelling permit, and told to leave the country.

"Sick and desperate I went through Brussels, Liège and Verviers towards the German frontier. After buying a pair of shoes, I had only 20 francs for expenses. What next? I decided to try Germany. After spending the cold night of January 24-25 in the Hertogen forest, I crossed the boundary unnoticed, passed through Aix-la-Chapelle and reached Cologne in the evening. I rested a little and then continued as far as Essen, where I was arrested and taken under guard to the Belgian border. As soon as the officers were gone, I returned to Germany. But when I reached Aix a second time, I was taken again and brutally conducted back to Belgium. After wandering here and there I finally reached Verviers. Again I was forced to leave and cross into Germany, and once more I was turned back to Belgium. I reached Verviers at midnight. In a physical and moral state that beggars description, I was forced to walk the streets of the sleeping city.

"Although I had had nothing to eat for a long time, I managed to cross once more into Germany on the following day. But I was turned back immediately. Completely exhausted I sat down on the side of the road and cursed my fate. The world seemed cold, implacable and inhospitable. Just then two officers appeared. 'Your papers?' I showed them my Belgian 'travelling permit.' 'Where do you live?' 'Nowhere, that is, somewhere between Belgium and Germany.' I was arrested, and after a five days' rest in jail conducted again to Merxplas.

"I felt I wouldn't be able to endure a second term there without going mad. But there is no longer any hope of being freed. I know too well the troubles awaiting me at the boundary. At 40 my life is a series of prison terms and trips as far as the border, and all this without ever having committed a crime. If I had committed some crime, even the worst kind imaginable, the law would not have sought to punish me more than it has."



Never before in the history of the world has a civilization been so completely secularized, so confident in its own powers and so sufficient to itself as is our own. The crude and aggressive atheism of the Soviet State is but the logical culmination of a tendency that has characterized the general development of European civilization for the last century and a half. Indeed we may well ask if the toleration which is still shown to Christianity by the States of Western Europe is not due to the fact that religion is regarded by them as something politically negligible, and consequently whether it is not really more insulting to Christianity than the open hostility of the Bolsheviks.

*From Religion and the Modern State by Christopher Dawson (Sheed & Ward).*



# Teaching Obedience in the Home

By MOST REV. JOHN A. DUFFY

Condensed from *The Franciscan*\*

Design for indoor activity

**The reasonableness** of obedience is shown to us in many ways. Perfect obedience may be observed in the regular occurrences of the seasons, in the moon revolving around the sun, in the planets pursuing their set courses. Parallel obedience is noted in society, in the naval and military branches of the government. In all forms of human endeavor obedience is an essential element, and without it there can be no stability. What would become of society if there were no human authority, no enforceable law to regulate action, no recognized authority in the home or in the state? Ruskin sums up creation in these words: "The power and the glory of all creatures, and all matter, consists in their obedience, not in their freedom." Obedience is the basis of good order in all things, for without it the individual good would be destroyed, business would be ruined, government could not survive.

The obedience which is required of the adult should be the result of home training. The factors which enter into the child's obedient home life are three in number: the parent who directs, the child who is expected to obey, and the means that are employed to induce the child's obedience. In all phases of directing the child it should be recog-

nized that the home is the child's complete world; all that he does, all that he sees, all that he knows is in some way related to his home.

Holy Scripture tells us: "Folly is bound up in the heart of the child and the rod of correction shall drive it away." "It is a proverb: a young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The parental discharge of this obligation early in life becomes all the more important when it is realized that the child's habits are well formed when he begins school. If it is true, as the authors of *Introductory Child Psychology* state: "No other phase possesses more significance for the future than the first three years of life"; and if, as Dr. T. V. Moore points out in his *Dynamic Psychology*, the child when 12 years old possesses all the moral principles he will ever have, then much attention must be given to the inculcation of appropriate principles during the early period of time in the child's life.

Pope Pius XI in his letter on *Christian Marriage* states: "Those who began the work of nature by giving birth to children are indeed forbidden to leave unfinished this work and so expose it to certain ruin," but parents must work

\*508 Marshall St., Paterson, N. J. Dec. 1938.



with their children to make them "members of the Church of Christ, fellow citizens of the saints and members of God's household." The Holy Father asks in his *Christian Education of Youth* that parents be reminded of "their grave obligations. And this should be done not in a merely theoretical and general way, but with practical and specific application to the various responsibilities of parents touching the religious, moral and civic training of their children, and with indication of the methods best adapted to make their training effective, supposing always the influence of their own exemplary lives," for training is "more effective and lasting which is received in a well-ordered and well-disciplined Christian family."

In the world today, there are three types of parents:

Autocratic parents who are excessive in their commands, harsh in their restrictions, cruel in their punishments—a type of training which crushes the spirit of children and, when older, incites them to rebellion. These comprise the smallest percentage of the three types.

The indulgent parents comprise the second class. They are yielding, vacillating, weak, and easily succumb to the whims and the demands of their offspring. It is really no kindness to give children their own way; in this so-called kindness they are performing the worst type of service for their children, for this procedure produces children

who find themselves totally unprepared to take their place among strangers before whom they are called upon to meet the severe tests of the modern life; without self-control in later years they bring dishonor on their name and shame on the community. It has been said that about 60 per cent of parents are indulgent. Many of these parents act on the false principle: "Do not restrain"—a philosophy which produces children who have little regard for the property or feelings of others and are possessed of an increasing satisfaction in the strength of their freedom. They develop into social misfits, bring heartaches to their parents, are slaves to their whims and desires, and eventually become wild, undisciplined, social outcasts. By their adoration indulgent parents cripple their children mentally and socially, and expose the souls of both themselves and their children to irreparable damage. An eminent American psychologist, Dr. Jackson, states: "If parents, in the training of children, will apply the principles of the new psychology which stresses the importance of the first six years, much nervous invalidism will be eliminated." By the time the child reaches his ninth birthday, there should be established within him the bases of self-control and the habit of complete and unquestioning obedience.

There is a third class of parents who are not too rigid nor yet too lenient. These have striven to understand child

problems and the child mind; they have made every effort to determine what the child should be taught and the manner in which it should be taught. These parents are governed by principles of tested merit and known success. No obstacle prevents the discharge of their parental duties. They are interested, alert, consciously responsible in every detail. Unfortunately, this type comprises but a small percentage.

From his earliest days measures must be undertaken for the proper direction of the child. The first means is direction by instruction; the second is correction, with appropriate punishment only when the first has failed; the third is that of example, a most powerful means of promoting obedience.

Little progress in training can be made until the child learns to obey. Having once learned to obey, he is well on his way to a complete education. Since prevention is always better than cure, and since good habits are as easily developed as undesirable ones, it is imperative that education for obedience begin at the earliest possible moment. The future of the child depends upon the course of action established by the parents. The following suggestions may aid: to avoid undesirable practices, begin early to develop the desirable; develop conscientiously habits of correct action; give a little responsibility; insist upon regularly performed tasks within the ability of the child to give him self-reliance and develop obedience and

self-control; give few commands but see that they are carried to completion; let all the commands given by the parent be given quietly, couched in language understood by the child, consistent with every other command ever given, and based on reason; commands should be given singly; approve good deeds and be as ready to praise as reprimand; create a laudable pride in actions well done; lessen external control and blind obedience with the increase of years, for then the child is more self-controlled and capable of a restricted wholesome independence; an effort should be made to develop a reasonable obedience showing that the parents' way is the correct way. Only one who has learned to obey can command.

Direction and correction are very closely allied, but correction presupposes that a course of action needs to be changed. Since complete disobedience does not spring up suddenly, complete submission cannot be achieved immediately. If a child is engaged in doing something which does not fit in with the plan of training, the undesirable practice is checked by giving the child something else to do. Threats, promises, or bribes to procure good conduct should be avoided. Neither affection nor sympathy should induce surrender to the child's whims or desires, for a conquering child is prompted to further acts of disobedience; a fault should be corrected each time it occurs, otherwise the child becomes

confused as to what is approved and what is condemned; tears should not dissuade one from proceeding with the punishment, nor will affections be alienated by such procedure.

Correction should never be postponed. If necessary, resort to punishment to show that the commands must be observed. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes." This training and correction should not be the work of one parent. The Holy Father directs that the father should act as father and the mother as mother, and where there are differences of opinion in the matter of parental correction or direction this difference should not be exposed before the child.

Only when other means have failed to gain obedience should the parent resort to strictly punitive methods, for punishment is secondary in procuring obedience and should not be used often,

and need not be, if the training is of the correct type. Punishment may vary from public reproof, depriving of privileges, to corporal punishment in an extreme case. Care must be taken that the punishment is just, and associated with the act that has offended. Both anger and vengeance are foreign to the administration of punishment.

No matter how strong the direction, no matter how well corrective measures may be applied, all is futile if there is not good example to support the cause. It is not words which produce results, but deeds. What a parent would have his child become, that he himself must be. The parent must not say one thing and do another. Nearly all of the child's actions are performed through imitation. Hence the necessity of offering a perfect pattern for the child's following. No parent can set a bad example and expect his children to follow his counsels.



### *Adopt a Baby*

Many an unmarried woman would be a perfect mother were she not afraid of public opinion. What does it matter what the world thinks? You want a child, you have too much money for your simple wants. All around you there are orphanages, homes for destitute children. Go to these homes. I cannot tell you how to choose your baby. It will not be just because it has blue or brown eyes, or dark or light, golden curls. Something will draw you to a child, at the same time that something draws a particular child to you. When you reach the room where the little children play or sleep you will know which child is destined to be yours, for time and eternity.

Mrs. Nestor Noel in *The Christian Family and Our Missions* (Dec. '38)

# Confession of a Legionary

By ARIEL

Condensed from *The Weekly Review*\*

How shameful to bomb Barcelona

*The murder of Don José Calvo Sotelo was the signal for the rising of the Nationalists under Franco. Before dying he had said in the Cortes, "It is not a question of being preoccupied with the death of Señor Azana or of myself, but the life of Spain." The following is a translation of the official account of his death, issued in type-script by Radio Verdad Salamanca.*

I arrived in the Calle de Alcalá when a van drove up at great speed. It contained a section of the Guard of Assault, under the command of the lieutenant whom I had seen in the morning in the public house. He alighted together with the civilian whom I had heard utter the words, "Do not fail to murder him!" They talked for a moment with the squadron leader and the latter said to me, "Come into the van with me."

We went through the Calle de Velasquez and arrived at the residence of Don José Calvo Sotelo. The civilian, the lieutenant, my squadron leader and I, after a brief explanation to the two sentries stationed before the entrance, went up the steps. During these explanations the mysterious civilian showed to the sentries a card and said, "I am the Captain of the Civil Guard: Don Fernando Conde Romero."

A moment later the bell—vigorously rung by the Captain—was disturbing the calm of a heart which had never known anything but calm.

The hurried steps of a woman became audible. And through the grilled aperture the following rapid conversation ensued, "Does Don José Calvo Sotelo live here?"

"Yes, but he is asleep."

"Let him get up. And you, open to the law."

The bolt of the door had hardly been withdrawn when, after a push of the door by the Captain, we crossed the threshold. From within the serene voice of a man could be heard, "What is the matter?"

And the woman who had opened to us, answered tremblingly in tears, "I do not know, sir. There are some men here asking for you. They say they represent the law."

"It is not possible. The law does not function on these premises. Nor does the law break suddenly and scandalously into a respectable dwelling. However, no matter, show them into the sitting room while I am getting up."

A moment later, lightly clad, and in the natural disorder due to the suddenness of the visit, there appeared before us the illustrious public man.

\*9, Essex St., London, W.C.2, England. Nov. 3, 1938.

Captain Conde Romero, so impetuous until now, seemed stupefied, and as though ashamed in the presence of his victim.

"What is it you want?"

"We are looking for Señor Calvo Sotelo."

"I am Calvo Sotelo."

"I have orders to arrest you."

"Orders? From whom?"

"From those able to give them. That suffices."

"I beg your pardon but legally this does *not* suffice. You know that I am Deputy and I cannot be arrested unless detected in *flagrante delicto*."

"I know."

"And in spite of this?"

"In spite of this I have orders from 'those who can' to arrest you."

"But who is it who '*can*'?"

"Those who can. I have told you. Let us go."

"No—we shall not go. I see that those 'who can,' can more than the law, and that it is useless to resist. However, taking it for granted that you intend to subject me to this arbitrariness, I have at least the right to verify your identity and to ascertain the authority of this order. I shall telephone to. . ."

At one bound the Captain placed himself between Calvo Sotelo and the telephone receiver which he brutally snatched from him, "No. You cannot use the telephone. Downstairs a van is waiting with a section of the Guard

of Assault to take you to headquarters."

"Who guarantees that this is not an ambush?"

"Ask the sentries entrusted with your custody."

The sentries appeared and confirmed that indeed this was a service vehicle of the "Public Works section of the Ministry of the Interior." They knew the lieutenant who commanded the section.

"Who is he?"

Captain Conde showed his card.

"Captain of the Civil Guard?"

"At present serving with the Guard of Assault. Are you convinced now?"

"And how is it you come in civil dress?"

"I have no explanation to give of what belongs exclusively to service routine. Let us go."

A cry like an alarm signal sounded in the room and was lost in the night through the open balcony door. A woman, frantic with grief, rushed in and clung to Señor Calvo Sotelo.

"Don't you see that you must not go? Assassins!"

He gently disengaged himself from his wife, "What things you are saying! Bah! Calm yourself. This is nothing."

The lady, resigned but not convinced, relinquished her hold on her husband obediently but, as by a sudden inspiration flew to another telephone in the room which we had not noticed before.

But the commander of my squadron



divined her intuition at once and brutally seized the unfortunate woman and practically dragged her away, calling, "Let us lose no more time with stupid scenes and end this once and for all."

We went down to the car. Captain Conde approached the driver and gave an order in a low voice.

Señor Calvo Sotelo asked, "So you are not coming?"

"Yes, I am coming now."

"I trust to your chivalry."

The Captain entered the van and sat down on the prisoner's left and we started off at a rapid pace. We left the Calle Velasquez and went up that of Goya in the direction of the Ventas. Realizing what direction the van was taking, Calvo Sotelo exclaimed, "What is this? Where are we going?"

"You will see presently."

"Ah! This, no! I wish to know. . ."

"Be quiet! Silence."

"This is not an arrest. It is sequestration and not to be carried out except by major force!"

"Do you intend to resist?" The Cap-

tain seized him roughly and ordered, "Be quiet. Silence, I say."

"No."

A shot rang out and the anguished voice of Calvo Sotelo cried out, "Murderer."

The bleeding corpse was seized and flung under the seat which we had occupied until then.

At the top of the Ventas we stopped. When we had left the van—the Captain, my squadron leader, and I—the Captain said to the latter, "You know what you have to do now." I could remain silent no longer and exclaimed, "To me *this* seems a monstrous barbarity and an act of turpitude. This," and I was unable to hide my disgust, "this will cost dear, very dear."

"Bah!" said the Captain. "Who will call to account the head of the Government?"

And then I, remembering his words in the public house replied with the violence of a desperate man:

"There will be no lack of them."

I shall never forget this deed and this murderer.



### *Feathers in Their Birettas*

"The Jesuits are originally a savage Indian tribe, who emigrated very early in history to Spain via Arabia, and settled down in northern Spain where they were made Catholics. For their savage and unscrupulous fierceness the Popes took them into their service as the Church's vanguard. How disastrous they proved for Germany is clearly shown by the historical fact that it was the Jesuits who urged Charlemagne to the merciless massacre of the Saxons."\*  
(Extract of a lesson on history in a labor camp in Nazi Germany, sent on to me in the letter from a young German there).

So over Jesuit confessionals should be placed their real names, Big Chief Laughing Dogma, and Great Chief Whacking Penance.

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST (June '38, p. 92).

D. W. in *The Tablet* (29 Oct. '38)



Caviar to the general

# The Innovators

By EMILY HUGHES

Condensed from *The Irish Monthly*\*

In the 19th century there lived an English poet called Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, and a French musician called Claude Debussy. They were both gifted with originality—that rarest of attributes. They were both rather disapproved of by their contemporaries. Even now their work is what is known as an “acquired” taste.

When Debussy played a single note, we are told, he could hear a cloud of sound. As a boy he had listened to church bells ringing, and could distinguish in a single chime all these things: the note itself, with a note both an octave higher and lower; other cognate notes, higher and lower still; the quite irrelevant sound of the actual metals of tongue and bell encountering; the echo; and the chord made by all these component parts of the chime with the vibration of the chime rung just before it, still lingering on the air.

With the excitement of the hunter he captured each atom of music in his cloud of sound, and imprisoned them in a scale. Naturally, it was not the scale practiced daily on the piano by the child next door, the great scale of seven notes which has reigned unquestioned since Bach wrote his 48 Fuges and Preludes. Naturally, it contained notes which, struck unskillfully together,

produced extraordinary discords. Debussy wrote his compositions in this scale, greatly affronting the ears of some of his contemporaries, but successfully on the whole. His work steadily grows in popularity, even if it is looked upon as being a trifle old-fashioned by the vanguard of modern thought, since it does not allow of the introduction of Hawaiian guitars, factory sirens, the triangle or the peanut rattle. Debussy was a musician's musician, and Gerard Manley Hopkins a poet's poet.

In each word used by Hopkins there is a cloud of words: words related in meaning, in sound, in association. Over a line of his poetry hangs a haze of side-reflections and footnotes, and incidental references and other by-products of his active brain to enthrall the reader. “We can find in this poet's work,” says Charles Williams, introducing the second Oxford Bookshelf edition of the poems, “a passionate emotion which seems to try to utter all its words in one.” It is not surprising that the reason for the juxtaposition of some of his words eludes the grasp of the reader to whom it has not been made clear that of, say, three words the second may be a reference to some external association of the first, and the third merely a glancing anticipation of

\*5, Great Denmark St., Dublin, C.16, Ireland. Dec., 1938.

something in the next line; while of the three only the first is an essential part of the sentence which contains them.

"Left-hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,

His rash-fresh, re-winded, new-skein-ed score

In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour

And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend."

"It is dreadful to explain these things in cold blood," Hopkins wrote about this stanza from the sonnet, *Walking by the Sea*: "'Rash-fresh' means a head-long and exciting new snatch of singing. The skein and coil are the lark's song which, from his height, gives the impression of something falling to the earth, and not vertically quite but trickingly or wavingly, something as a skein of silk ribbed by having been tightly wound on a narrow card or notched holder, or as twine or fishing tackle unwinding from a reel or winch or as pearls strung on a horsehair . . . the same is called a score in the musical sense of score and this is 'writ upon a liquid sky trembling to welcome it' only not horizontally. 'Crisp' means almost crisped, namely with notes."

To compress all that, even obscurely, into four lines of poetry—is that not genius? Is it not more than the genius

of "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings," than that of "Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert—that from Heaven or near it Pourest thy full heart In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"?—The bathos of that line, "That from Heaven, or near it!" The feeble line-endings, "spirit" and "near it!" The padding out of the ejaculation "Hark, lark!" until it fills five lines! The sentimental assumption that the lark is "blithe!"—the whimsical assertion that it is not a bird—how can such lines be compared to the intent, serious precision of those in which Hopkins pursues his intricate image? Shelley demands an acquiescent brain, Hopkins an active one. It seems a pity that young growing minds should be fed on Shelleian luxuries, while the hard, wholesome fare which lies in a study of Hopkins's work is almost too severe in its demands on the fully-grown but tired minds to which it is available.

There would be less facile, sixth-rate poetry about hackneyed subjects if young people studied Hopkins at school. He always has something original to say, and no matter how hard it was to express in words, he said it. That struggle for expression finds an echo in our struggle to understand, and this is what gives his poetry its beautiful vitality and almost painful vigor.



Men are born with two eyes, but only one tongue, in order that they may see twice as much as they say.

# The Catholic Attitude Toward Art

How to make sticks and stones

By GRAHAM CAREY

Condensed from *The Christian Social Art Quarterly*\*

**Art and artists** in the modern world are the objects of different points of view. By some people art has been made into a kind of religion with its places of worship, its priesthood, its prophets, and its money changers in the temple porches. A much larger group has made it the object of an amused contempt, crystallized into the terse phrase, "art is the bunk!" There are many Catholics who subscribe to each of these views. But art is neither an activity too high for anything but our worship, nor too low for anything but our contempt. The proper Christian attitude to art lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Art may be defined as the imposition of humanly conceived forms upon matter, using certain means for a given end. From another point of view it may be defined as the cooperation of God and man in the production of things.

As is usual with any Christian doctrine, this one stands as a means between extreme errors. On the one hand, atheists will deny that art is a cooperation between God and man, because they say there is no God above man with whom he can cooperate. And on the other, occasionalists will deny the activity of the human free will in

the artistic process, and hold that the artificer is merely a helpless tool in the Creator's hand, and that there is essentially no distinction between a symphony and a sunset—both being the work of God. But the idea of art as a cooperation of the great divine Artist with the little human artist is basic to any understanding of the Christian attitude toward art and artists. But man, to be a good artist, must work in accordance with his own nature as well as with the nature of that on which he imposes his ideas.

Art is the making of things by man. Perfect art is the making of perfect things, and the making of imperfect things is less and less art, and more and more the work of men who do not exercise their specifically human faculties. As there is something God-like in man, the possession of which distinguishes him utterly from the other animals, so in what man makes, when he exercises fully his God-like qualities, there is a perfection which is like the perfection of the things God Himself makes. Art is like nature, in that art's ways of working are like those of nature.

The perfection of artificial things (like the perfection of natural things) can be desired, known and wondered

\**Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind. Fall, 1938.*

at. This perfection, to the extent we have desire *for* it, we call Goodness. To the extent we have knowledge *of* it, we call it Truth. To the extent that we wonder *at* it, we call it Beauty. But Goodness, Truth, and Beauty are among the names of God. To the extent that the things made by men are perfect enough to be called by these divine names, they are surely worthy of our respect.

Another of God's names is first cause. He is the final cause of all things, the efficient cause of all things, and also the formal cause. In His act of creation He takes non-existent and inconceivable prime matter, and imposes upon it His holy forms, by His holy means, for His holy end. This in His divine art. He, the divine Artificer, creates nature. The highest creation of that nature is man, man created with free will that can choose to act in cooperation with God, or can refuse that cooperation. But whether man choose or refuse, whether he is a good artist or a bad one, he, too, creates in the same way that God does. He takes the already created material, and imposes upon it his forms, by his means, for his ends. And if the human forms, means and ends are right, in accordance with God's laws for man and for the rest of the universe, then man's art, too, is right. The things he makes will be perfect, as far as humanly made things can be perfect. And this perfection is realized by other men as

Goodness, Truth, or Beauty.

There is pleasure in the realization of Beauty. We thrill at the sight of perfect things. This pleasure is given us that we may be led by it to the perfect things—that we may be led by Beauty to Goodness. Fallen man tries to get Beauty while ignoring the causes of Beauty. He tries to get it without treating functions, materials, tools and instruments as they want to be treated, and without treating the imagination as it also must be treated if it is to work healthily.

And when this happens, fallen man tries to get Beauty by copying the beauty of other beautiful things in nature, and by copying the beauty of other beautiful things in art. He becomes naturalistic and derivative. He tries to get it in all sorts of ingenious but completely ineffective ways. For it cannot be found by any of these ways. It can only be got by doing and making things right. When, as has been the case with us, things have been done wrong for a long time, this is not easy; but it is the only way. By doing and making things right man finds that Beauty comes by itself.

When Beauty comes it can only be enjoyed fully by the humble. We cannot dominate it. Both the artist and the art-lover must be submissive. Both for the maker and for the admirer of things made, the element of wonder, of respect, is essential. The artist must be submissive to the objective facts of

purpose, material and instrument. He can only dominate in the development and imposition of the forms of his art. And the art-lover must be submissive toward the object of art as a whole, or he will miss the wonder of its perfection.

And this disinterested attitude of wonder will be the more easy for us if we learn to think of the sacrifices the artist has made to achieve for us the perfection of the artifact. The sacrificial nature of art will help us to admire any perfect artificial thing, however disregarded it may be by current artistic snobbery, the cleanly-ploughed field as well as the cleanly-painted landscape, the carved hearthstone as well as the carved garden nymph.

Consideration of the sacramental aspect of nature will help us to avoid a self-seeking pantheism in our love of natural things. Only he who sees the

hand of God in the perfection of creation, can fully enjoy that perfection.

In a few words then, the Christian love of nature and of art is wonder at the perfection of their products, and gratitude to the authors of them. We are bidden to love God and our neighbor. We honor God when we love nature, and we honor God and our neighbor when we love art. For the true Christian love of nature and of art is a giving of one's self in reverence, not a seeking of thrills.

Artifacts are not proper objects of worship. They are not God, only sticks and stones. Nor are they our slaves to be beaten and abused, worn out and thrown away. They are a special form of creation, fruit of man's cooperation with God. They are for our use, and they are worthy of our respect both in use and in contemplation.



### *Greatest*

The Roman Catholic Church, in its deep understanding of human psychology, has given to moral activities a far higher place than to intellectual ones. The men, honored by her above all others, are neither the leaders of nations, the men of science, nor the philosophers. They are the saints—that is, those who are virtuous in a heroic manner. When we watch the inhabitants of a modern city, we fully understand the practical necessity of moral sense. Intelligence, will power, and morality are very closely related. But moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation the whole social structure slowly commences to crumble away.

From *Man The Unknown* by Alexis Carrel (Harper & Brothers, 1935)



# Where Lie The Great of Old

By M. F. NIXON-ROULET

Their monuments remain

Condensed from *The Holy Name Journal*\*

It is apparently only with the Christian belief in the future existence of the soul that there grows within the human breast any carelessness as to the disposition of the body after death. A fitting place for the body which had been the temple of the Holy Ghost—that was desired by every Christian, but magnificent sepulchres were not necessary to those who believed that the soul lived happily in a state of bliss after the mortal remains had crumbled to the earth whence they came.

With the pagans, however, the body was sacred. The Orientals worshipped their ancestors' tombs, and so great was the esteem felt for poor human clay that the great of old did not wait for posterity to honor their remains; they built for themselves, before death, magnificent resting places.

Perhaps the most striking of these mausoleums are the tombs raised by Egypt to her great, those pyramids concerning which there have been so many varying theories.

The construction of these pyramids was wonderful. Built by the first sovereign of the Fourth Dynasty, they are the oldest monuments in Egypt. Of limestone from the Tuna quarries, cased with polished granite, their solidity is such that after all these years

there has been no settling, not even so much as the fraction of an inch.

Herodotus states that it took 100,000 men 20 years to build one pyramid, working three months a year—a very short time when one considers that over 2,300,000 stones had to be set in place, that the Great Pyramid is higher than the dome of St. Peter's, and that the distance around its base is over half a mile.

Within the Great Pyramid are passages leading to the chambers of tombs of the kings and queens, and within the tombs are the coffins of red granite containing the royal mummies.

The tombs of the East were rich in gilding and arabesque, and of them none was more glorious than the mausoleums of the caliphs. These are mighty mausoleums known as mosque tombs, and they are to be found north of Cairo.

Cairo is a thing of beauty. "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soul is gold; its Nile is a wonder; its houses are palaces; its air is soft—its odors surpassing that of aloe wood and cheering the heart; and how can Cairo be otherwise when it is the mother of the world?"

Yet despite its lively interests, the homes of the dead are among its most

\*Lexington Ave. at 65th St., New York City. Nov., 1938.



beautiful sights, and the mind weaves about them much story and romance. Here lie buried many of that royal line of Abbasides, kindred of good Haroun al Raschid, whose *Arabian Nights* once gave us wonderful childhood hours.

Of all these tombs the most striking is that of Kait Bey. For beauty and symmetry it is a remarkable specimen of Saracenic architecture.

It is really a gem, this great tomb to the caliph. Its small dome, glittering with gold, is of perfect symmetry, its arches and "azulejos," its battle-mented walls, above all its muezzin tower in three tiers, exquisitely decorated—all present a picture long lingering in the mind's eye. One wonders what that grim old Caliph Kait Bey ever did to deserve such a thing of beauty for his resting place. Within the calm silence of this interior lies a slab of red and black granite, and upon it a footprint, and this is the great treasure of the mosque. It was brought all the way from Mecca by Kait Bey, and it is a sacred rock since it contains the footprint of the great Mohammed.

Near this mosque is the tomb of Burkah, first caliph of the Circassian Mamelukes. He was a gallant old soul, for he not only made a tomb for himself and his sons, but for the female members of his family as well. The twin domes of his family mausoleum mark not only the resting place of himself, but his wives and daughters.

The proportions of these tombs of

the caliphs are in great harmony and the ornamentation is exquisite. There is much coloring—blue, soft reds, gold, and Arabian greens of that soft, rich shade which looks like velvet in the "azulejos."

Many of the mosques are encircled with bands of porcelain containing inscriptions, in others the mouldings are variegated with discs of blue porcelain, while still others have inscriptions in solid gold, with raised lettering in Arabic. Some of the tombs are pitifully ruined, but enough remains to show them to have been splendid monuments to the great of old.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in marble tombs covered with all the art of Greek sculpture. The Corinthian column had its rise in the fact that a sculptor, wandering one day in the streets of tombs in Corinth, saw a handsome tomb with Doric columns, about which someone had twined wreaths of acanthus, the finely traced leaves enhancing the beauty of the simple marble. The sculptor hastily sought his studio and carved the leaves upon the top of a marble shaft, thus making the first Corinthian column. Among the Greek sculptured monuments one of the most famous is the "harpic monument," carved out of Lycian rock. The sepulchre was ornamented with remarkable carvings, among them curious bas-reliefs of four birds, or winged creatures, harpies, with the heads and arms of women. Each one clasps close

to her breast a small human figure which is supposed to represent a soul. It would seem from this that the early Greeks had some vague idea of the immortality of the soul—at death borne aloft by winged creatures while the body remained in the tomb—but the Roman tombs show no such illusions. The pagans of the city of the Caesars burned the bodies of their dead and preserved their ashes in marble or porphyry urns, building splendid tombs and sepulchres for them.

Of these superb structures one of the most famous is the tomb of Hadrian. This mausoleum, called today the Castle of San Angelo, has frowned down in grim and fortress-like taciturnity upon the yellow Tiber since Hadrian built it in 135 A. D. It contains the ashes of its founder, of Antonius Pius and his wife, of Marcus Aurelius, and of many of the old Roman royalty.

Plundered by the Goths under Alaric, the carven monumental vases were shattered and their contents scattered to the winds. For years thereafter the tomb was turned into a fortress, and until the 6th century its possession was contested in every war in Rome. Then Pope Gregory dreamed that he saw the statue of St. Michael, the warrior saint, sheathing his sword in token that the prayers of the Romans had been heard and that the city would be preserved from the plague.

Henceforth the fortress was regarded as a sacred building, and was conse-

crated under the name of San Angelo. Seized by the Count of Tusculum in 923, it was the scene of many vicious contests, the last being in the time of Pope Urban VIII. This fortress-tomb looks very attractive against the blue Italian sky, above the winding river, and it must have been superb in the days of its glory.

Of all the roads which lead to the Eternal City none was more famous than the one named for the great Appius. Leading to the southern portion of the Empire, to the Mediterranean and Adriatic ports, the Via Appia was the approach to the Oriental possessions of the mighty Roman Empire, the wings of whose eagles spread from the East to the West, while its talons pierced the northern snows. Only royalty was permitted to be buried within the city gates, but since to be a Roman was to be a king, lesser nobles built tombs along the Appian Way.

"When thou hast gone out of the Capena gate," Cicero wrote, "and see the sepulchres of the Catalines, the Scipios, of the Servilii and of the Metelli, can you deem the buried inmate wretched?" But seeing the surroundings of the tombs one must deem those wretched, indeed, who are shut away from so much beauty.

Not far from the ruins of Seneca's tomb is a curious cumulus surmounted by a round tower of yellow brick, and this is the tomb of the raven. The story is told that a raven built his nest

near the Forum and every day was accustomed to visit the shop of a certain shoemaker. A rival shoemaker, angry at the customers the bird brought to the shop across the street, one day killed the bird in a fit of rage, and all Rome was indignant. The slayer of the city's pet was put to death, and the raven received a splendid funeral, and his ashes were buried in the tomb on the Appian Way.

While the pagan Romans were burning their dead and placing their ashes in funeral urns, over which to raise splendid monuments, the Christians were seeking sepulchres in the Jewish fashion. There was for their bodies no refuge in death, as the fierce zeal of their persecutors had left them no refuge in life. They exemplified the words of Scripture applied to our Lord, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air, nests: but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," for chased and hunted like wild beasts in life, their remains were exhumed if laid in the family tombs and their bones scattered. They could not be cremated had their friends so desired, since no public crematory would burn the bodies, had any dared to bring them. They could not be burned in private since the smoke of the fire would attract notice, and any notice which the early Christians received from the Caesars was likely to be of an unfavorable character. They therefore made a merit of necessity and

modelled their mode of burial after that of our Lord, whose disciples "wrapped His body in fine linen with sweet spices, and laid it in a tomb."

The catacombs of the Christians still honeycomb the ground about the Eternal City, wonderful monuments of the ingenuity, the courage, and the perseverance of the simple people whose religious beliefs disturbed the very center of the pagan world.

During five centuries these catacombs were built, dug out of the solid rock with great care and skill. As the necessity grew for larger sepulchres the catacombs expanded, one gallery opening into another, that crossed by a third, until there was a labyrinth so carefully concealed that none but the initiated could discover the ingress, or, once within, the egress.

With the rapid growth of Christianity the necessity for a larger burial-place grew, and soon the work of the catacombs expanded until it was a regular trade. A confraternity was formed of the *fossores*, or diggers, whose work it was to excavate the sepulchral chambers.

Rich and poor, great and lowly, all were buried alike, the grave cut in niches of the rock and marked only with a simple cross and the name of the deceased. The graves of the martyrs were marked with a palm branch cut in the rock or scratched with a trowel. When the martyrdom included the shedding of blood, a tiny vase,

filled with the martyr's blood, was set in the wet mortar. In the catacomb of St. Agnes such vases were found intact and still remain, together with many relics of the martyrs who were interred there.

The only decorations of the catacombs are religious in character. There are verses from Holy Scripture, rude drawings of Christ and our Lady, symbolic pictures representing Christ as the Lamb of God, as a Shepherd, and in the Holy Eucharist. These attempts at painting are the earliest specimens of purely Christian art.

As the catacombs grew, the conviction was borne in upon those who used them to secrete the dead that no better place could be found in which to hide the living. Those in danger sought the hidden caverns, and soon services began to be held there, since one of the imperial edicts was against Christians meeting together. Any gathering of more than two persons meant a death penalty for all present.

There are within the catacombs subterranean chambers prepared as assembly rooms, and in them we find

*arcosolia* containing tombs of the martyrs, the slab covering the grave being used as an altar-stone.

In the catacombs St. Urban baptized the brother of Valerian, whom the music of St. Cecelia's silvery tongue had brought to the fold; here Sts. Pontian, Antherus, Fabian, and Cornelius sought refuge when the cruel persecutions of the Emperor Valerian raged in Rome. Here, too, Pope Stephen said Mass despite the interdict against it, and here he was betrayed and, as the *Ita Missa est* fell from his lips, was struck down and slain.

Upon these sacred spots churches were raised in later times; St. Peter's today stands over the grave of St. Peter, St. Cecelia's over the spot where her martyred remains were laid, St. Agnes's over the tomb of the lamb-like martyred maiden, and St. Sebastian's Church, upon the Appian Way, stands upon the scene of his burial.

The custom of burying the dead in churches, a favorite one of the Middle Ages, arose from the Christian burials of the catacombs where lie so many of the great of old.



### The Last Jump

The American philosopher Orestes Brownson spent a good many years of his early life trying one religion after another. Finally he was converted to Catholicism, and his friends immediately began to say, "Where will Brownson jump next?"

"I have been jumping until I found something firm to stand upon," was Brownson's indignant protest. "Now that my feet rest on the rock of Peter, they have found solid ground, and I am satisfied."

*The Redemptorist Record* (Nov., Dec. '38)

# Why Don't Catholics Read?

The truth is not pleasant

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Condensed from *Columba*\*

A little while ago an American publisher sent me an advance account of the sales of a new novel. He had succeeded in "interesting" the Catholic Book of the Month Club, which meant an additional sale of about 1,200 copies. So far, so good; why, then, did I feel disgusted? I felt disgusted because the number of Catholics in America is somewhere around 20 million.

The Catholic Book Club chooses books of special Catholic interest and guaranteed moral safety, by no means always or even generally works of fiction. Yet the sales it produces are an infinitesimal fraction of the Catholic public. The reason is quite simply and directly—Catholics don't read.

When I became a Catholic a number of non-Catholic readers expressed their alarm that I would thenceforward write nothing but Catholic novels and propaganda. How little they knew! The answer to any Catholic who asks me why I do not write specifically Catholic novels is, "Dear Sir or Madam, I must live." If I write a Catholic novel I alienate the public which supports me, and still remain unread by that other new public I address. The sale of the average "Catholic novel" is microscopic, and this is not just because novels of propaganda are generally bad. The

public has shown again and again that it has no objection to bad novels. The reason is other than this, but again it is quite plain and simple. Catholics don't read.

Now and then a Catholic novel achieves a large sale. The novels of Msgr. Robert Hugh Benson had a very wide circulation. But it was mostly among non-Catholics. His novels had a strong appeal to people on the fringes of the Church, principally to Anglo-Catholics, who *are* great readers. Educated Anglicans are nearly all constant and intelligent readers, and any novel specifically appealing to them would, I imagine, have a large circulation. Certainly the only novel of mine which was a best-seller in any true sense of the word was one with a strong High Church interest.

Now why is it that Catholics don't read? Some of them would say that it is because so many modern books, not necessarily fiction, are objectionable from the moral point of view, and at dangerous variance with the mind of the Church.

Another answer Catholics might give is that most of them are too poor to afford books. This is true as far as it goes. The Catholic public is not wealthy, and the price of books in Eng-

\*81 Berkeley St., Glasgow, C. 3, Scotland. Dec., 1938.



land and America is extravagantly high. On the other hand, there are the circulating libraries where a book, even a new book, can be procured at a very much lower cost than a seat at a cinema (and I have not yet heard of Catholics accused of failing to patronize the cinema). The majority of all book sales in this country is through the libraries, and no author depends on readers who are rich enough to buy his books.

Both these excuses could be made by Catholics for their neglect of reading; but their opponents might with more truth advance the explanation that Catholics are, as a whole uninterested in the mental and intellectual side of life which books represent. The average Catholic reads his newspaper (taking, I hope, the weekly antidote provided by the Catholic press), and then thinks that he has done enough reading for the day. He certainly does not want to exercise his mind even on problems concerning the Faith.

I am writing now not as a novelist, but as a boxtender of the Catholic Truth Society. I find that devotional tracts and lives of the Saints have a fair sale, but the doctrinal pamphlets which

I stocked when the tract-case was started are mostly still on my hands.

Of course, it is right that we should prefer devotion to controversy, but experience has shown again and again at what a disadvantage we stand in a non-Catholic society by not being "up" in the various points at issue with the diverse forms of Protestantism around us. I have found Catholics frequently embarrassed and silenced by an argument which they would easily have been able to refute had they gone to the trouble and expense of reading a five-cent pamphlet.

When I was a member of the Church of England we used to read books as a "penance" during Lent. As a writer I often felt affronted by this close association of books and mortification. But if you can't bring yourself to read for any other reason, for goodness sake read for this one—it's better than nothing. If you resolved to read one five-cent pamphlet a week during Lent you would have given little more than a quarter in alms, and you would have fortified your mind in six new ways for the defense of the Faith, which is a cause better worth defending than any other I know in the world.



It plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of a conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the public, or honest in their mutual dealings; since there is no other tie through which the pride, or lust or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or another.

Dean Swift (died 1745) quoted in *Blackfriars* (Nov. '38)



# The Dialog Mass in English

No bystanders in this parish

By BERNARD LAUKEMPER

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*\*

**To introduce** the dialog Mass in English, it is first of all necessary to acquaint the people with the missal. A practical instruction in the use of the missal is essential, but this can be done only progressively from Sunday to Sunday. We mark the missal with bookmarks before Mass begins. This is accompanied by a very short explanation of some of the parts of the Mass. The people get acquainted with the missal and the Mass through the use of the missal and participation in the Mass.

When the Mass begins, another priest is ready in the sanctuary to lead the congregation in their parts. (Besides the two microphones on the altar, there is another in the sanctuary for the assistant's use). The prayers at the foot of the altar (dialogued), the *Gloria* and *Credo*, the two offering prayers, the answer to the *Orate fratres*, the *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* are said in English by this priest-leader and people. The leader also reads the introit, epistle, gradual, gospel, and offertory and communion anthems in English. The *Kyrie eleison* can be said in Greek; likewise can the people respond directly to the *Dominus Vobiscum* and the introductions to the gospel and preface, as well as answer the celebrant with their *Amen*, par-

ticularly the one after the Canon.

Assistant and people together say the *Confiteor* in English before Communion, and continue with "that Thou shouldst, etc." after the priest has said aloud *Domine non sum dignus*. It is our practice to end the Mass by having the people recite the prologue to St. John's gospel in English. In order to insure uniformity, recitational pauses should be marked in all ordinary parts said by the congregation. The girls of the sodality or the older children in school can help in this task.

The celebrant must accommodate himself to the people; he must take his time so that the people's responses are in answer to him. The priest-leader may from time to time announce again the pages for the benefit of those who have not heard the instruction or are unable to remember what was said at the beginning of Mass. The school children can be of great help, if they are placed among the people to act as leaders. This encourages the grown-ups, who are, at first, too timid to pray aloud. This arrangement supposes, of course, that the children have been instructed to participate in the Mass. After a few months the children are no longer needed.

The above-described practice has

\*Collegeville, Minn. Nov. 27, 1938.

changed bystanders into partakers who worship with attention and devotion. The man in the pew tells me that the Mass seems to him very short and very interesting when he can participate in its celebration. Certain it is that this dialog Mass is always crowded, and

that even people from other parishes come to it.

The Latin dialog Mass remains, of course, the ideal form. But we have found that this substitute is a most useful intermediate step in that direction.



### *By the Lakeside*

Gospel of Saint John, Chapter 21

After the resurrection when the Apostles landed on the lake shore they saw a charcoal fire, with bread and fish beside it. It is the first thing, the only thing we are told they saw. They were very cold and hungry.

Then Jesus addressed to them a very homely and matter-of-fact request to bring some of their catch. "Bring some fish," He asks the disciples, thus dissipating their awed embarrassment by giving them something to do; approving of their care for the netful of fish, of which they probably now felt half-ashamed. But to depict the earthly Christ as weary or in need, was one thing; to picture the risen Lord as asking for fish, is quite another. It is divine in its sheer audacity.

And what a catch it was! Their *last* haul, how could they ever forget it?

We must not imagine our Lord stiffly standing apart. He shared the pride and the joy of His simple fisher-friends. A veritable record: 153 big fish. None of those minnowlike fish you could catch in the shallow lagoons with your hands or with a cast-net; but big fellows, 153 of them. It is an unforgettable fisherman's story; this time a true one—for had not the Master counted the catch with them?

In the scene before us let us pause lovingly and reverently before the astonishing fact that the risen glorified Christ, as depicted in St. John's last chapter, was engaged in cooking breakfast for half a dozen hungry fishermen and in preparing a fire to dry their wet clothes. The Roman author Cicero had been writing on "the nature of the gods," but he never imagined God like this; not so long ago he had composed a treatise "on friendship," but it did not occur to him that God could be a friend—and such a friend. Jesus said to them, "Come and have breakfast." And He served each of them with bread and fish. Even the disciples were awed and stunned. Jesus Christ—yesterday, today and the same forever—cooking breakfast and drying clothes! What a unique revelation of His Sacred Heart!

Prof. Alfred O'Rahilly in *The Irish Monthly* (Sept. '38)

# The Mission Set-up

Plan to convert the world

By ANSCAR PARSONS, O.M.CAP.

Condensed from the *Mission Almanac*\*

**Few phases** of the activity of the Catholic Church are more highly organized or more well-regulated than the work of the missions. Most Catholics have read accounts of the heroism of individual missionaries or heard lectures on the work of this or that single mission, but to see at a glance the entire mission set-up requires an outline of mission organization and law. The well-balanced structure of mission development and supervision can be best studied at three fixed points: (1) the central department in Rome with its world-wide scope; (2) the local organization in the single mission field; (3) the laws regulating the activity of the individual missionary.

The work of the missions is directly planned and supervised from Rome, the capital of the Christian world. The Holy Father himself shoulders the responsibility for spreading the doctrine of Christ throughout the world and he carries on this work through an executive department known as the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. (Because the Latin name of this Congregation is "*Congregatio de Propaganda Fidei*," the body is often called in English, "the *Propaganda*" or the Congregation of the Propaganda). It is one of 11 Congregations through

which the Pope carries on the work of governing the Church. These bodies are similar to the departments of our Federal Government and the Secretary or Prefect at the head of a Congregation could be called one of the Pope's cabinet officers.

At present the Cardinal Prefect of this Congregation is Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, former Apostolic Delegate to the U. S. The Prefect is assisted by a commission of 19 cardinals, a Secretary, an Under-Secretary, a staff of 35 consultors who are experts in Canon Law and mission affairs, and a large personnel to carry on the secretarial work.

The Code of Canon Law states broadly that this Congregation has authority to perform "everything necessary and opportune" for spreading the Faith in mission lands. In the course of a day the Congregation may issue a decree marking off the limits of a mission in the Congo or approve a change of residence for a bishop in central China. Perhaps the Cardinal Prefect signs a document naming a Vicar Apostolic for Northern Germany, and we learn there are Protestant sections of Europe where the Catholic Church is still a mission Church. Today the Congregation receives a report from a

\*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y. 1939.

mission in Alaska; yesterday there were reports from Guam and Indo-China. The mail of the Congregation would indeed be a treasure-trove for stamp-collectors. From Rome letters are sent containing lists of the powers granted missionary bishops and their priests. A glance at them astounds us. Dispensations which in the U. S. could not even be granted by a Cardinal or an archbishop can be granted by a simple priest in China. Small wonder the Cardinal Prefect of this department has been called the "red" Pope.

Wide as this department is in its scope, its officials are careful never to over-step their authority. Thus, a marriage-case that has been appealed from a mission country will be handed over to the tribunal of the Rota; a request for a decision on some question of Faith will be remanded to the Holy Office; certain questions affecting the members of religious Orders working in the missions will be sent for consideration to the Congregation for Religious.

Routine business is handled with considerable dispatch and in accordance with certain broad general policies. A more difficult question is first privately studied by one or more "consultors." Later the written opinions of the consultors are submitted for discussion and vote at a general session of the Cardinals. Once a week the Cardinal Prefect goes to the Vatican for a private audience with the Pope. At this time

the Prefect informs the Holy Father concerning the general state of his office, submits many matters for final decision, and answers whatever questions the Pope may ask about the missions. Pope Pius XI has been called the "Pope of the Missions" and his deep personal interest in mission work is known to all.

Where in 1922 there were under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith something like 12 million native Catholics, in 1933 the number had grown to 18 million. Where there were 330 missionary districts, there are now 512, of which 32 are in full charge of native clergy.

The reign of Pius XI is a high-point in the long history of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. In the archives of the Congregation the historian finds a veritable gold-mine of source material for the history of the last three centuries. In 1622, when the Congregation was founded, the Church was faced with a threefold task: restoration, preservation, and propagation. The Faith had to be restored in those countries where the Protestant Revolt had torn thousands away from the Church. In countries like Italy and Spain an effort had to be made to preserve Catholic life. Besides, the discoveries of Columbus and the 16th Century navigators opened up whole continents for the preaching of the Gospel.

The process of mission development is similar to that followed by the territories of the U. S. in attaining to statehood. First there was a time when the governor was appointed by the Federal Government. Later the citizens were allowed to elect their own governor. Finally after years of growth and expansion the territory was admitted into the Union as a State. Missions pass through similar stages in reaching the status of a diocese.

Before beginning the work of Christianizing a certain territory the Congregation begins by dividing it and marking off definite boundaries. The boundaries correspond as far as possible with the territorial divisions of the civil government. Usually the new district is a section of an older mission which, because of its remoteness from the central station, has been seldom visited. At first new missionaries are sent into this section under direction of the superior of the old mission. These new workers begin to learn the customs and language of the vicinity; they commence their priestly ministry and gradually form a new mission center. When a definite start has been made the new section is cut off from the original mission and is made a new and *independent mission*, under the direction of a priest whose official title is Superior of the Mission.

If the development of the mission proceeds successfully the Congregation next makes the mission a *Prefecture*

*Apostolic*. The priest in charge is called the Prefect Apostolic.

The third stage is reached when the Prefecture is raised to the rank of a *Vicariate Apostolic*. This step is most important. Up to this time the head of the mission may have been merely a priest, but the Vicar Apostolic is the Pope's vicar and is always a bishop. Sometimes a mission remains a vicariate apostolic for many years, but if progress is constant the territory will in time be made a *diocese* or even an *archdiocese*.

The more efficiently the Congregation does its work the more quickly does a mission emerge from its control. Normal Catholic life is ever the goal set for the entire activity of the mission. To achieve this end the missionaries must work especially to educate a native clergy. The native clergy are the natural and traditional agents for the salvation of souls. To provide them and to make them the principal agents has been the Church's practice since the time of the Apostles. Since the time of Pope Urban VIII, thousands of native priests have been educated in the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Often there are as many as 20 different nationalities represented at the same time.

Large as the number of native priests has been, still the graduates of mission seminaries by no means suffice to carry on the work of mission dioceses. It is the Religious Orders and modern re-



ligious institutes that place at the disposition of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith the greater number of missionaries. Entire mission fields are handed over to the Religious Orders and these supply the men and money for preaching the Gospel. Whereas in our country it is the exception for the bishop of a diocese to be a member of a Religious Order, in mission countries the Franciscan, Capuchin, or Jesuit bishop is the rule. The superior must establish missionary posts and stations, open schools—elementary schools and secondary schools—found orphanages, hospitals and dispensaries, provide all these with the appropriate staff, build chapels and churches and train up a body of competent lay catechists.

The more efficiently the work of building and organizing is carried on the sooner will the missionary bishop realize his dream of a Catholic diocese. With the growth of the native clergy and native Religious Orders the mission begins to be a vital, self-sustaining thing. Normal Catholic life begins to flourish and one more province of paganism has been won for the Cross.

The individual missionary priest is equipped with much wider powers than those enjoyed by other priests. Sometimes—particularly in remote districts—he has power to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. Something has already been said concerning his ample power to grant so very many dis-

pensations. His Vicar or Prefect Apostolic may allow him to say Mass without Mass server or altar candles and he may expose the Blessed Sacrament even if two candles are all the adornment of the altar he can afford. The nuns of the mission may be allowed to wash the sacred linens of the altar.

In these and in many other ways the missionary has much more freedom of action than the priest in a country where the Church is well-established. And still the missionary's activity is closely regulated by law. The detailed reports which the Roman Congregation requires from every mission reveal that Canon Law is to be observed wherever possible.

Law and organization control the activity of the missionary at every point. But the purpose of this control is not to crush enthusiasm under the dead weight of bureaucracy. Regulation does not mean to choke fervor but to give it the widest possible effect. Centuries of experience have taught the Roman Church that zeal and heroism are most effective when helped and guided by law.

When new departures are justified they are made without hesitation. Thus on Feb. 16, 1935, the Congregation of the Propaganda issued an instruction on Maternity Training for Nuns. Mothers and their newly-born children die only too frequently from lack of proper knowledge and trained help, the



Sacred Congregation points out. Therefore, even though up to 1935, nuns, like the clergy, were forbidden to practice medicine, they are now directed to ob-

tain medical degrees and to carry on this helpful work for the benefit of pagans, who are so greatly in need of medical care.



### Anti-Semitism

An obligation upon Christians is to struggle against the spiritual diseases which threaten to spread among them. Of these diseases, which are numerous, I will mention only one, because it seems to be growing worse at present in various parts of the world; that is to say, anti-Semitism.

Anti-Semitism is a pathological phenomenon which reveals a change in the Christian conscience, when the latter becomes incapable of assuming its own historical responsibilities and of remaining essentially faithful to the high demands of Christian truth. Then, instead of recognizing the visitations of God in the trials and alarms of history, instead of undertaking the tasks of justice and charity which this recognition requires, it pounces on substituted bugbears concerning an entire race, for which certain particular pretexts, whether well-founded or not, provide the substance; and in giving free rein to feelings of hatred which it believes justified by religion, it seeks a sort of alibi for itself. Indeed we have here to do with a sort of collective abortive effort, or with a substitute for a dark and unconscious anti-clerical passion, or even with resentment against God, against the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob.

For whatever we may do, and it may do itself, the people of Israel remain the priestly people; the bad Jew is a sort of bad priest. God does not wish him to be touched, even him. And even prior to recognizing Christ, the true Israelite in whom there is no guile, bears, in virtue of a promise which has not been cancelled, the livery of the Messias. It is no small thing for a Christian to hate or to despise the race from which sprang his God and the immaculate Mother of his God. That is why the bitter zeal of anti-Semitism always finally turns into a bitter zeal against Christianity itself.

Jacques Maritain speaking at the *Pax Romana* Congress at Klagenfurt, Austria (31 July '36)



THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has had an amazing growth in its two-year existence. During that time we have learned that people, who read the DIGEST, generally subscribe for it. It, therefore, asks a slight favor of its readers. Write down names and addresses of a dozen or half-dozen friends whom you think might like THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. We will (1) send them a sample copy at once, (2) send them an invitation to subscribe a little later.

—Editor.

## Catholic Books of Current Interest

Gilson, Etienne. *Reason and Revelation in the Middle Ages*. New York: Scribner. \$1.50.

In these three lectures delivered at the University of Virginia in 1937, the author traces the history of Western Philosophy through the pure reason of the Greeks, the faith of the Middle Ages, and the scientific trend of Modern Philosophy.

Koesters, Ludwig, S.J. *The Church: Its Divine Authority*. St. Louis: Herder. \$3.

From the fact of the Church and the conviction of faith, the author proves the Church's supernatural authority. A practical explanation of the ground plan of revelation.

Bussard, Paul. *Staircase to a Star*. New York: Kenedy. \$1.50.

A book of unusual essays on religion by the editor of this magazine.

Fitzgerald, Edward A. *I Believe in Education*. New York: Sheed. \$2.50.

In his recent book, Dr. Fitzgerald, who is noted for his sound philosophy and vast experience, gives his personal opinion of a variety of educational subjects.

Madeleva, Sister M. *Christmas Eve and Other Poems*. Paterson, New Jersey: St. Anthony Guild. 50c.

Eight charming poems have been collected from magazines and printed in an attractive gift format.

Gwynn, Stephen. *Dublin—Old and New*. New York: Macmillan. \$3.25.

A colorful guidebook filled with sparkling details of places of interest which the author has seen in the Irish capital.

Stolz, Rev. Anselm, O.S.B. *The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection*. St. Louis: Herder. \$2.25.

This study of Christian Mysticism emphasizes the theological rather than the psychological aspect of spiritual perfection.

Barth, Hilary Leighton. *Flesh is Not Life*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.50.

A new Catholic novel centering about the bewildering social problems of the day.

Maritain, Jacques. *True Humanism*. New York: Scribner. \$3.50.

An analysis of the problems confronting our present social structure, with suggestions as to how dangers threatening Christianity can be surmounted.

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## Jimmie Did It

[The story of Altar Boy James Walsh, killed on his way to church, was told in the December CATHOLIC DIGEST (p. 19). The only thing known about the writer of this letter is that he lives in Chicago.—Ed.]

Years ago I was an altar boy. I was not lucky enough to be killed in my innocence. Angel Jimmie must be serving Masses in heaven for all time. The red cover of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST got my eye. You can see other guys like me going into St. Peter's in Chicago to take a nap or get warm or to pinch a dime. I almost got caught sneaking the DIGEST into my pocket; a priest brushed right past me. Of course I didn't have the quarter. But there was plenty of liquor on my breath and the daily sins of years on my soul. After 20 years of almost daily mortal sins against every commandment, I still refuse to go to the Sacraments. All the sins a priest ever heard of I carry on me. I can't remember when I had a happy Christmas. One thing though, I always wanted a priest if I were to die.

Here's where Jimmie comes in. While going through the magazine I read "Jimmie." As soon as I read the story of him, I put out the light. Tears were already in my eyes. I cried aloud, "Jimmie, I was an altar boy once, help me get to God." The next day I read his story again and also talked to Jimmie in a prayerful way. I didn't take a drink that morning. Jimmie and God's mercy worked a miracle. I was pulled out of the pew when I saw a priest come out and go into the confessional. Jimmie gently lead me into the box and the priest gently gave me absolution.

I'll keep on praying for and to Jimmie. Happy Christmas, Jimmie, in your red cassock and keep your eye open for other guys like me, but don't take your eye off of me. Some day I'll drop a quarter in the box for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST I took.

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